

Issue #9

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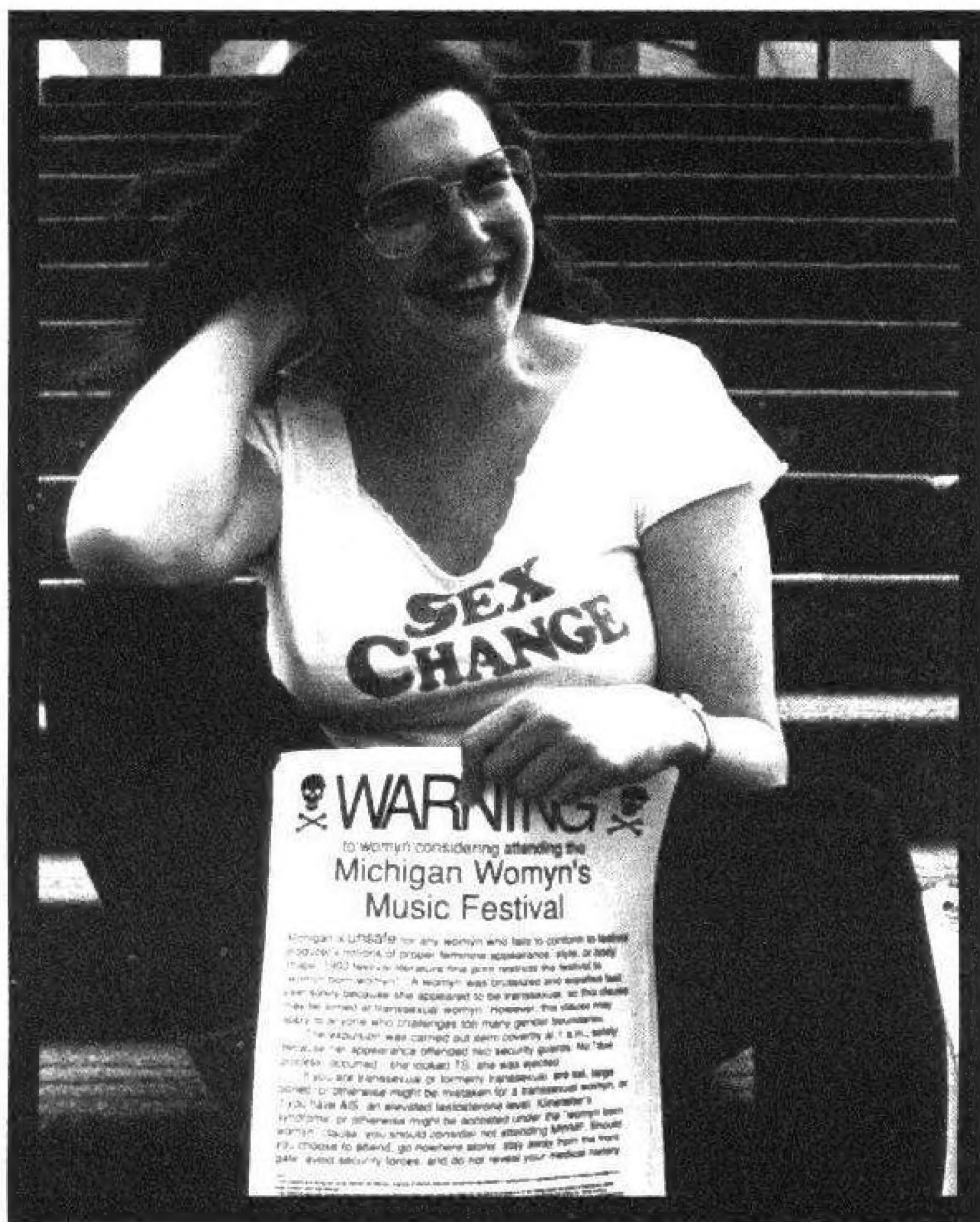
# ANYTHING

## THAT MOVES

*The Magazine For the Uncompromising Bisexual*

**UAWOM** **unsafe**  
**gender boundaries** **appearance**

womyn born womyn,  
gender



transsexual  
womyn

**LOREN CAMERON: TS PHOTOGRAPHER**

**PFLA(B?)G**

**WOMEN EN LARGE**

**BARBIE'S ACCESSORIES, IMMIGRANT BASHING, MUSTANG RANCH,**

**PLUS THE USUAL MIXTURE OF SEX AND POLITICS . . .**



# ANYTHING THAT MOVES:

## THE MAGAZINE FOR THE UNCOMPROMISING BISEXUAL

MOVE (MOVY): 1. TO ADVANCE, PROGRESS, OR MAKE PROGRESS; 2. TO CHANGE PLACE OR POSITION; 3. TO TAKE ACTION; 4. TO PROMPT, ACTIVATE OR IMPEL INTO ACTION; 5. ACTION TOWARD AN END; A STEP; 6. TO SET IN MOTION; STIR OR SHAKE.

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### ABOUT OUR NAME . . .

Why would a group of bisexuals deliberately promote themselves as a bunch of promiscuous, uncorked sex maniacs?

Our choice to use this title for the magazine has been nothing less than controversial. That we would choose to re-define the stereotype that "bisexuals will fuck anything that moves," to suit our own purposes is controversial. Some people object to taking on a stereotype that's damaging to our image. Those in favor of its use see it as a movement away from the stereotype, toward bisexual empowerment. We deliberately chose the radical approach. We are creating dialogue. We are challenging people to face their own external and internal biphobia. We are demanding attention and re-defining "anything that moves" on our own terms.

**WE WILL WRITE, PRINT, OR SAY  
ANYTHING THAT MOVES  
US BEYOND THE LIMITING STEREOTYPES  
THAT ARE DISPLACED ONTO US.**

This magazine was created by bisexuals and their friends. All proceeds are invested into its production and the bisexual community. It is published by the Bay Area Bisexual Network and reflects the integrity and inclusive nature of the BABN Statement of Purpose. ATM was created out of pride; out of necessity; out of anger. We are tired of being analyzed, defined and represented by people other than ourselves— or worse yet, not considered at all. We are frustrated by the imposed isolation and invisibility that comes from being told or expected to choose either a homosexual or heterosexual identity.

Bisexuality is a whole, fluid identity. Do not assume that bisexuality is binary or duogamous in nature: that we have "two" sides or that we MUST be involved simultaneously with both genders to be fulfilled human beings. In fact, don't assume that there are only two genders. Do not mistake our fluidity for confusion, irresponsibility, or an inability to commit. Do not equate promiscuity, infidelity, or unsafe sexual behavior with bisexuality. Those are human traits that cross ALL sexual orientations. Nothing should be assumed about anyone's sexuality—including your own.

We are angered by those who refuse to accept our existence; our issues; our contributions; our alliances; our voice. It is time for the bisexual voice to be heard. Do not expect each magazine to be representative of all bisexuals, for our diversity is too vast. Do not expect a clear-cut definition of bisexuality to jump out from the pages. We bisexuals tend to define bisexuality in ways that are unique to our own individuality. There are as many definitions of bisexuality as there are bisexuals. Many of us choose not to label ourselves anything at all, and find the word 'bisexual' to be inadequate and too limiting. Do not assume that the opinions expressed are shared by all bisexuals, by those actively involved in the bisexual movement, by the ATM staff, or the BABN Board of Directors.

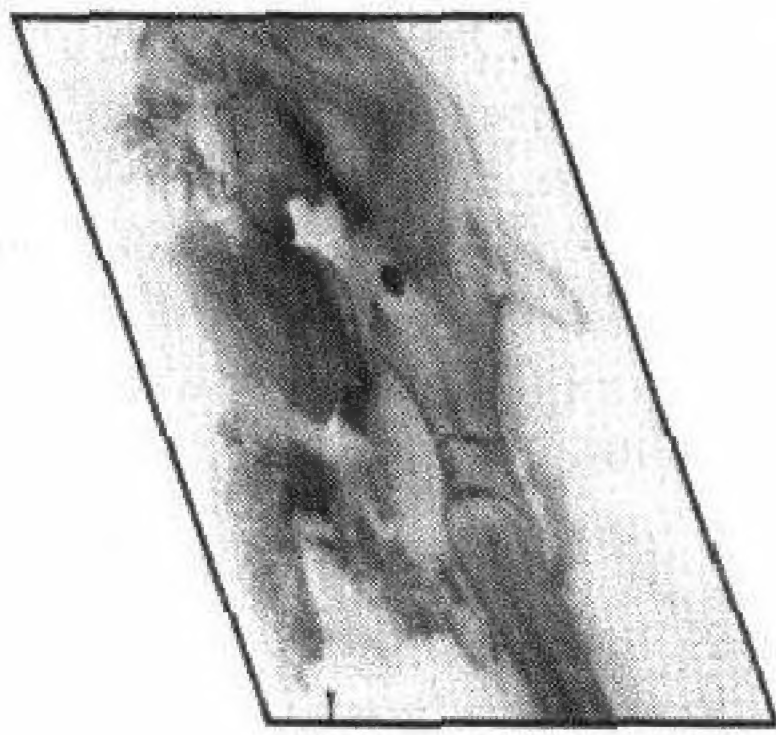
What you can expect is a magazine that, through its inclusive and diverse nature, creates movement away from external and internal limitations. This magazine is about ANYTHING THAT MOVES: that moves us to think; that moves us to fuck (or not); that moves us to feel; that moves us to believe in ourselves—To Do It For Ourselves!

### ABOUT BABN . . .

The Bay Area Bisexual Network is an alliance of bisexual and bi-supportive groups, individuals, and resources in the San Francisco Bay Area. BABN is coalescing the bisexual community and creating a movement for acceptance and support of human diversity by coordinating forums, social events, opportunities, and resources. We support relationships among people regardless of gender, which can include relating intellectually, emotionally, spiritually, sensually, and sexually. We support celibacy, monogamy, safe promiscuity, and all the other options as equally valid lifestyle choices. The BABN is by nature educational in that we are supporting the rights of all women and men to develop as whole beings without oppression due to age, race, religion, color, class or different abilities, nor because of sexual preference, gender identity, gender preference and/or responsible consensual sexual behavior preferences. We also support acceptance in employment, housing, healthcare, and education. This includes access to complete sexual information, free expression of responsible consensual sexual activity, and other freedoms. Membership is open to all bi-positive people whether or not they consider themselves bisexual.



## ARTICLES, FICTION, POETRY



**PFLA(B?)G** by *Steve Getman, Lani Ka'ahumanu, and Karen Orlando*  
the national conference struggles with an extra letter

**Lily** photo by *Michael Rosen*

**Women En Large** by *Gretchen Lee*  
big n' beautiful, interview and photo spread

**This Guy Is Hot** by *Susan Stryker*  
sizzling photos by *Loren Cameron*

**No Women Allowed at the Mustang Ranch** by *Teresa Ann Pearcey*  
a professional gets an inside look at Nevada's most famous brothel

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yet another bisexual/transgendered person silenced

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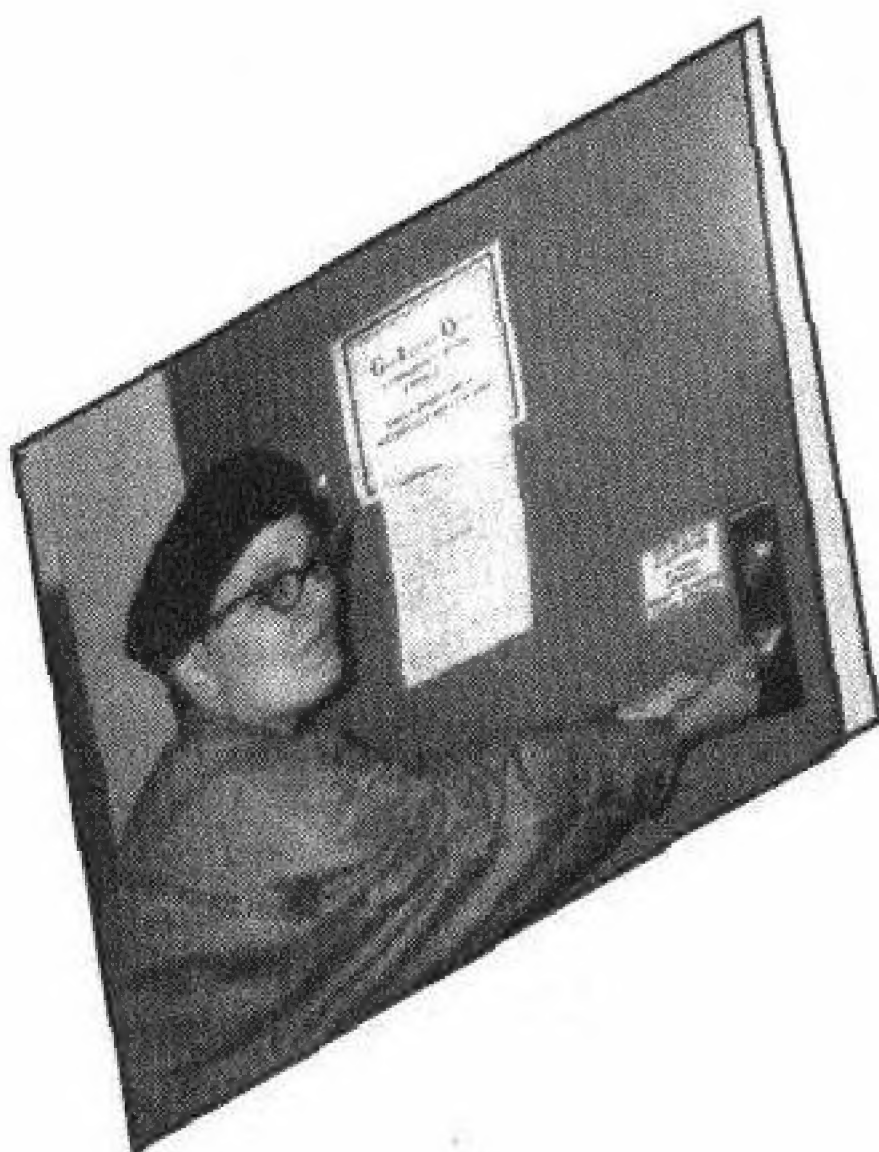
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Safer and Sexier

Anything That Moves





# LETTERS

Dear BiPOL,

Greetings from the Arctic! I am a lonely soul from the cold and dark Arctic that is seeking a friend to write to, to talk to, and to learn to know . . . So could anybody be willing to help me get in touch with another warm human being? I love to write long letters exchanging thoughts, warmth, and an open mind to nearly anything.

I got the address to BiPOL through the bisexual magazine *Anything That Moves* and was hoping to find a friend somewhere in America that would like to have a somewhat long-distance friend up in the Northern part of Norway. Yes, I do live in a valley where the river runs down from the mountains and through it, out into the fjord. Quite picturesque but cold as hell when the winter sets in for full force with dark Polar Nights. So could any warm body at BiPOL, or if you know someone that would like to write me, take up their pen and send a letter to me, shall I promise a fresh reply . . .

Short facts about me:

31 Years Old • Bisexual • Honest And Open Minded • Nature, Music, Books And Long Letters

I would like to thank you all at BiPOL for your help and please help me! The best white autumn greetings from me up here in the North.

Sincerely,

A reader from Norway

(Write c/o ATM at our address and we will forward the mail (without reading it). Please include correct postage!)

Very Dear Friends,

May true joy and perv happiness be with you.

I am sending you U.S. \$15.00 for the two last issues of your very precious *Anything That Moves* magazine to be posted to me airmail, if possible.

Hopefully details about how to subscribe and to order other back issues are mentioned in the issues that you'll be sending me. If not, please send information about it.

After keeping being postponed for almost two years now, it is in my plans for the near future to start a publication in this country that will be focusing on all progressive issues like queer, bisexual, transvestite/transsexual, S/M, drugs, new world politics, and

all the considered transgressive behaviours. An eventual contribution/collaboration from you would be of great interest to us, so if you can, please let me know how you feel about it.

In wait for the magazines to start arriving and with my best wishes of non-stop success with your publishing ventures,

Bisexual Salutations,

Sidónio de Aragao

Lisbon, Portugal

Dear *Anything That Moves*,

I attended a conference for women recently. At a lesbian and bisexual women's group meeting, the leader of the group thought the bisexuals should make more of an effort to talk to one another. "You bisexuals really need to talk!" she said. Her comment got me thinking about this: as a bisexual woman, I hardly ever get the chance to talk to other bisexual women. I will make the excuse that my community is very small, and while I do hang out with dykes at times, I very rarely meet any bisexual women. I am sure there are many of us out there, many more than there appear to be, but we still seem to be very shy about showing ourselves, even to each other. Lesbians have built a stronghold for themselves—a support system, a community—somewhere they can shout from. And their voices are getting louder. Hearing those voices is great—I wouldn't feel the way I do about myself and my sexuality without those voices in the back of my head telling me to go and be myself no matter what.

But my lesbian friends just can't help me with some of the issues I face. I currently have a male partner and I know that having an opposite sex partner gives me the opportunity to avoid the problems of being lesbian. I can talk about my partner without being afraid to use the correct pronoun, take him to social and work events, have a picture of him on my desk. But hiding is not a pleasant thing to do, as anyone who is in the closet knows. And having a male partner means that people assume I am straight without even a second glance; as soon as they see me with my partner, they assume I am straight, monogamous, married, planning kids, and so on.

Being bisexual with a male partner has its problems, and I would like to be able to talk to other bisexual women about it. So how do I go about meeting other bisexual women? Go up to every het or lesbian couple and say, "Hey are you bisexual? I've gotta talk to some-

one!" Doesn't sound like a good idea. Support group maybe? I went to a support group for bisexual women in New Haven once. Four people showed up, including me. One of the women spent two-thirds of our meeting time crying and being consoled over her male lover who had just dumped her. The other third of the evening was spent introducing ourselves and discussing the fact that there are probably more bisexual women in the city than showed up at the meeting. I didn't quite seem to fit in and didn't go back. I need a friend, a real community, not just a monthly meeting.

I have freedom rings on my key chain, a Deneuve T-shirt, a subscription to *Anything That Moves*, and lots of pink triangle earrings. No one's ever come up to me and said, "Let's talk," nor have I met many women with whom I felt I could do likewise. I love my adopted lesbian community, but I wish that more bisexuals would join in, or that we could have our own little community too. There's such a comfort in knowing there are people who are dealing with the same issues, thinking similar ideas, supporting the same rights, and maybe sharing the same feelings as myself out there somewhere. Now if I could just find a few!

Elisabeth Freeman

New Haven, Connecticut

Dear *Anything That Moves*,

What can I say? To sum it up in five words: I HAVE BEEN MOVED BY ANYTHING THAT MOVES!!!! While first browsing and then totally immersing myself and basking in the glory of your magazine, one thought came to mind . . . how could I have gone so long without knowing that such a great little magazine exists?!

Having identified as bisexual since I cannot even remember, having a very wonderful and encouraging family, having many, many crazy bi friends, all of these things have prompted me to view bisexuality for what it is—something great, something fun, something that the rest of the world can go to HELL for if they don't agree (well, perhaps not HELL, but . . .).

This brings me to you now. HELL YEAH you are getting \$25 from me for a subscription! I cannot wait to see more of what's to come.

Take care,

Brian Dodge

Ann Arbor, Michigan



# EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

In the midst of this hectic life of mine, I was talking to my mom, who lives 3000 miles away, while standing on a corner at a pay phone—the only time I could reach her was while I was at work.

We were struggling through a conversation, as she asked me about what I was doing, and I told her, and she proceeded to

ignore each item in question. Through a convoluted emotional roller coaster, I began to express my frustration, then to preach at her to "stop worrying so much," then to try to explain how I was feeling about being ignored around the boy I had been dating, the woman I was seeing now, and finally ending with the continuation of my plea for her and Dad to call PFLA(B?)G. She had been getting more upset and defensive the whole time, explaining to me that "you are acting like the parent, and that I am now your child."

No wonder she was upset, what with how different my world is from anything she could have even imagined for me, no matter how happy I am now. This gulf between us leaves me feeling displaced and rootless, as I come to understand how little I can depend on them for support.

One of the common characteristics of the queer community is that we did not grow up with our tribe around us. We grew up, the vast majority of us, isolated and alone, having to painfully first recognize ourselves, and then to painstakingly identify who else around us was queer. As torturous and twisted as this process is, what it means is that those of us who have survived and thrived have developed a whole personal bag of conscious community-building tricks, along with the decoder rings and secret handshakes. And the flip side of having virtually no representation in the mainstream is that we are also refreshingly free of a lot of stagnant role models for relationships.

Our liberation struggle, in a community that comprises a vast breadth of people and issues—transgender, bi/pan-sexual, lesbian and gay—is deeply linked to other liberation struggles, which are all struggles to respect each person as a whole person, to not allow anyone to be used as a tool against their will. Our differences are our riches, and our similarities make community.

Recognizing this, we must not ignore our sister movements. One example is here in California, where economic desperation has caused a wave of racism to pass Proposition 187, which denies education and health services to undocumented immigrants, at the same time that US corporations are destroying the economies of the countries that these same immigrants are leaving looking for work. As queers we are in every community, and we have valuable energy to add to these struggles. By being out and there, we advance our cause and gain allies at the same time.

My mom cannot be an ally to me yet—she has years to go before she will let herself accept and understand me. Having struggled to accept ourselves, we are strong. We can lend that strength to others, and be repaid thrice over. Not to ignore our own struggles, but to link them, and to refuse to see each oppression as an isolated issue. The nightmare of the neo-Right is to see everyone they are stepping on become friends and help each other to take their boots off of our necks. In doing so, a caution is not to dehumanize them as they have us. Otherwise, the structure doesn't change. Okay, ready—grab the heel, one . . . two . . . HEAVE!

Mark Schur  
Managing Editor

Dear Readers,

Ack! Hooray! The new *Anything That Moves* is finally here. It's been another long delay, as usual, but it is also the beginning of a new era. It is the second issue that we, this staff, have put together, and we spent the last six months dissolving the debt that had delayed printing issue after issue. Gone. Out of the red and into the black, or at least riding that pink-grey edge.

For contributions, we'd like to thank all those sexy jazz musicians who helped put on an ATM benefit party at Minna Street in San Francisco this March, chiefly Graham Connah and his Orchestra and Beth Custer/Will Bernard and their Orchestra, as well as Lodeh's catering. Also, thank you Jill Nagle, who appears in this issue, for the benefit party she threw for us, which definitely helped our cash flow.

After all of this, what awaits you: M-T-F Susan Stryker on F-T-M Leren Cameron and his photos, queer art as witnessed by Mondo 2000's Paul McEnery, a delicious photo spread from *Women En Large*, PFLAG and the bisexual community, Carol Queen, Teresa Pearcey visits a Nevada brothel, and more.

Remember, although we don't owe money anymore, we don't have much either, and we still need the stuff to come out on time. Please, if you haven't already, **SUBSCRIBE SUBSCRIBE SUBSCRIBE**. You can subscribe directly through us, you can get us at queer newsstands everywhere, or through *Last Gasp*, *QSM*, *Amador Productions*, or *Blowfish*. Even more importantly, please fill out our demographics questionnaire and **SEND IT IN**.

We hope you enjoy this installment and expect to see us again in three months, no kidding this time!!!

Amelia, Gerard, Jennifer, Mark, Matt, Rachel, and Sunshine



# SEND US YOUR STUFF!

**Anything That Moves** welcomes unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, and illustrations. **ATM** is a venue for bisexual writers and artists for publication of their work as well as a venue for work of interest to bisexuals. Priority is given to bisexual writers and artists. We are especially interested in work by people of color, transgender- or transsexual-identified, those who are differently abled, and those challenged by AIDS or HIV disease. **ATM** is particularly interested in material not previously published as well as submissions from new or unpublished writers. Accepted material cannot be returned. Do not send originals, as **ATM** will not be responsible. Rejected material will be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

All submissions must be accompanied by a cover letter that includes a brief (30 words or less) biography of the writer and a listing of submissions by title. Please indicate if the contribution has been published or submitted for consideration elsewhere. Pen names are permitted; however, the author's real name, address, and phone number must accompany the submission (not for publication).

## WRITERS:

**ATM** accepts submissions such as literary, film, theater, and music reviews; fiction; non-fiction commentary and feature articles; and news reports of the bisexual community or individuals. Submissions should be typed, double-spaced, and must include the author's name, address and phone number on each page. Hand-written, illegible or single-spaced copy will not be considered.

**ATM** will gladly accept manuscripts on disk ONLY if accompanied by a hard copy. (Microsoft Word for Macintosh 4.0 or higher, please. If not, fully explain format in cover letter). Submission by email is also possible: qswitch@aol.com.

Is this magazine the bane of your discerning eye? Tell us. In fact, come down and make it pretty. **ATM** needs Production People in the Bay Area to put this thing together. Desktop publishing experience is a nice extra, Quark is extra nice, and if you have a Mac that can run it you get a gold star. Call 415-703-7977, NOW!

Are you sick of this irregular publishing schedule? Do you want to make some cashola off of the Bisexual Movement? **ATM** needs Advertising Sales and/or Grant Writer people to make money for us on a commission basis.

Call 415-703-7977 to apply. Not absolutely necessary to live in the Bay Area.

## PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ILLUSTRATORS:

**ATM** is interested in receiving black & white photo submissions (single photos as well as photo essays), illustrations, computer graphics, and cartoons. Erotic/nude photos will be considered. All photos with models or subjects with identifiable and/or copyrighted likenesses must be submitted with a signed photo release form and age statement to be considered. Illustrations usually accompany fiction, political columns, and features. Cartoons/comics can be in either single panel or strip form. Illustrations must be submitted in stat, velox, or clean photo copy form. Do not submit originals, as **ATM** cannot be responsible for them. Photographer's, designer's or illustrator's name, address, and phone number must be attached to the back of each submission. As usual, a SASE must accompany each for return.

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### Correction From Issue #8

In Naomi Tucker's article, "The Enemy is in My House", two books were listed incorrectly. They should have been:

*Violent Betrayal: Partner Abuse in Lesbian Relationships* by Claire M. Renzetti, Sage Publications, Newburg Park, CA, 1992. Contains a comprehensive resources listing of lesbian battering programs/services nationwide.

*Naming the Violence: Speaking out About Lesbian Battering* (Kerry Lobel, ed., National Coalition Against Domestic Violence, Seal Press, 1986. An anthology of personal stories.



# DEAR JANE, DEAR JANE,

She slipped on her new second-skin satin Victoria's Secret bra and looked in the bathroom mirror. Yes, that color ruby red, just like her new silicone dildo, looked surprisingly good on her. In fact, the cut of her bra made her breasts look abnormally large. But that didn't matter tonight. Ordinarily she didn't like to flaunt her body at all, but tonight was a night she wanted to be especially sexy.<sup>1</sup>

Erika Devereaux was going on a date. It was a normal date, by most anyone's standards, but Erika felt nervous anyway. She hadn't gone out with a man for a long, long time. She didn't anticipate this relationship or pursue it; it just fell out of the sky and onto her lap. And how could she refuse such a cute, charming man? He laughed so freely. He loved to press his head against hers and gaze into her eyes. He didn't kiss too hard. She knew it sounded like a cliché, but he was a really, really nice man.

Five months and two and a half weeks ago she broke up with her long-standing partner. They were the type of couple who stayed together too long and slowly became increasingly annoyed with each other. Sex, although relatively frequent, became a predictable score of rubbing, thrusting, and coming. Well, sometimes coming. And no kissing. The kissing died out a long time ago. They forayed into some s/m-lite, but the imbalance of their relationship could not be broken even for an hour of fantasy. What it really meant was that Erika's partner kept herself up by putting Erika down. It was a classic case of low self-esteem on both parts.

Surprisingly it was Erika that broke it off. But she didn't just tell Jane to go to hell and walk out. Erika instead drank three martini sours and waltzed, no—flew, into Heaven and Hell, the lesbian sex club. She found two butchy yet sexy tops who strapped her to a table and fisted her into the best orgasm in years. But the public fisting was such a spectacle that word got back to Jane that her long standing, monogamous, and devoted partner Erika was fucking, no excuse me, being fucked, by strangers. Predictably, Jane flew into a rage. And that was that.

Erika sighed and looked at herself again. How could she not fuck up this budding relationship? She didn't even have the guts to tell Jane that she was unhappy. She had no practice in communicating even though women were supposed to be mas-

ters at it. She couldn't tell Jane that she should stop trying to make her have an orgasm. She couldn't even tell Jane to clean the bathroom. And, God, this was a man she was getting involved with. She hadn't been with a man since—when was it? High school. And she was... how old? Thirty. Thirty and single and getting very depressed thinking about it.

But her date was very attracted to her and she knew it. His little affections pleased Erika. Chocolate covered coffee-beans snuck into the movies, a stolen kiss in the car on the train. Her heart fluttered and she looked down and smiled with a half-bitten lip when she thought about those small, precious moments. She loved to look into his droopy eyes and run her hand through his soft brown hair. Her touches were always tentative, always asking for permission at every step. But he never turned her away at anything. That simultaneously excited and scared her.

Erika slept a blissfully sound sleep two nights ago and woke up with her mind made up. She was ready to have sex with him. In fact, she really wanted to. Just the thought of it made her rush to her vibrator for quick relief. She was feeling more and more sensual as she prepared for her date tonight.

Of course sex, especially with men, is not without anxieties. She felt lamely unprepared about things like birth control and safe sex. How do you bring it up? Was he going to already have all the condoms, lube, and spermicidal foam or was he going to bitch and moan about how it doesn't feel good with a rubber? Would it seem presumptuous to bring it all along with her and whip it out? Argh. This was almost enough to make her dump the guy and go back to Heaven and Hell.

But that wasn't even the most anxiety inducing item. There were 16 females lovers and 13 years between her last male lover and tonight's conquest. She hadn't seen a cock real-time in ages let alone remembered what to do with it. Would she feel confident and capable of pleasuring him? Or would she feel like a born-again virgin?

There was a soft knock at the door, interrupting her angst. There he was, gorgeous in a gray tweed coat and slightly baggy jeans. They were going to a modern dance interpretation of Bolero. With a sly smile on her face, Erika picked up her brown leather backpack stuffed with some new Extra-Thin condoms and some newfangled spermicidal foam and went out the door with him, arm in arm.

What happens next? Who is this gorgeous boy? What will Jane do? Can't wait until next issue...

E,  
Are you crazy? Forc you run out  
and act like a total slut in front of  
everyone we know, and then you go  
out with a man.  
To think I trusted you for so long,  
that I thought I loved you. You are  
nothing but a traitorous bitch!  
Don't bother calling, I don't want  
to even hear your voice.



# Barbie's Queer Accessories

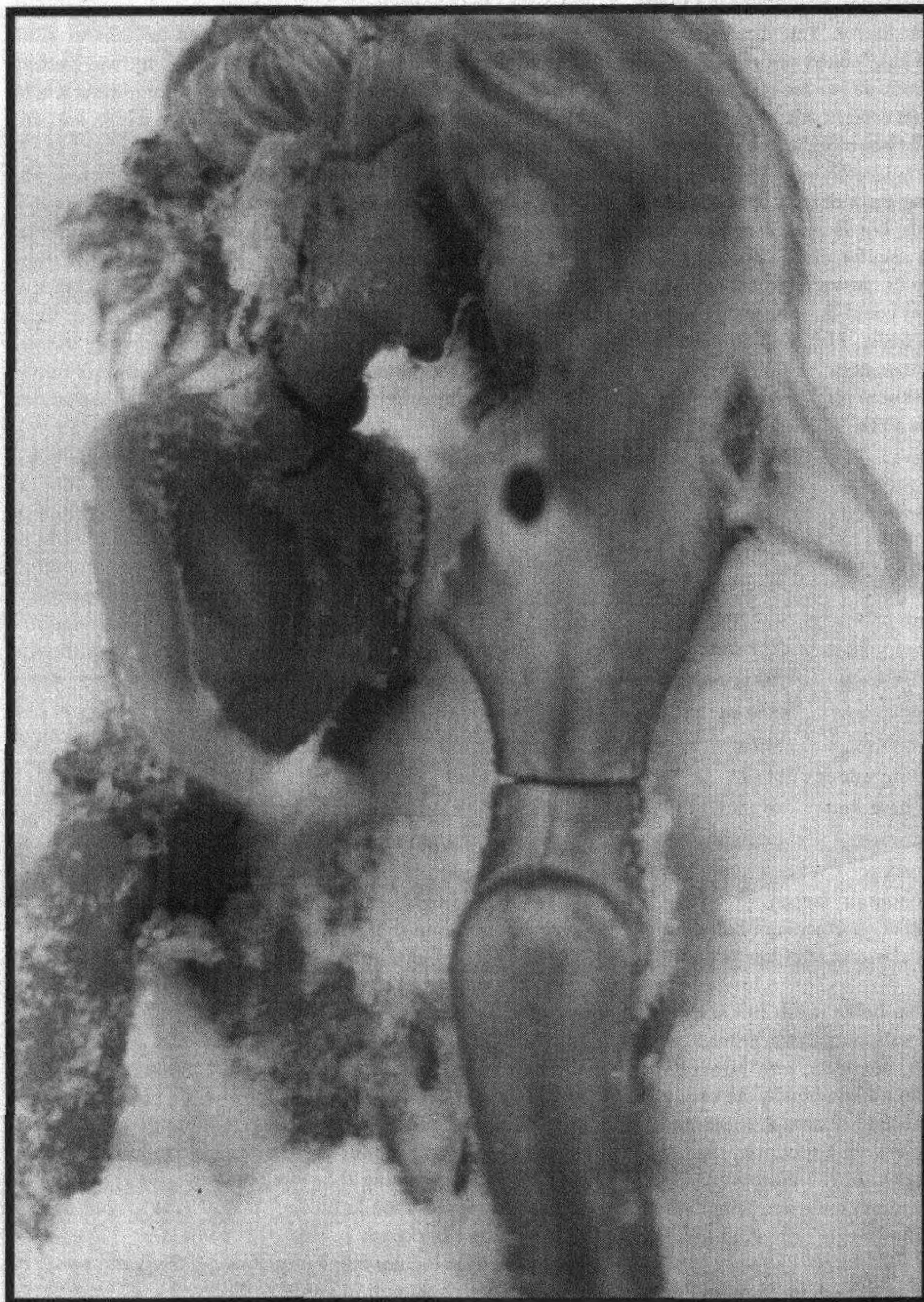


Photo by Brian Dodge

Right before I drove up to Bates College in Lewiston, Maine, to meet Erica Rand, I got a sneak preview of public reaction to her new book. Due out in May, it's about Barbie, and Mattel, and children, and adults—and marketing and sexuality and the shallowness of contemporary American values and (for good measure) the construction, appropriation, subversion, and deconstruction of cultural mythology. It's about why Barbie, supposedly a "teen fashion model" with an Ivory Soap reputation, has a 39-21-33 figure and doesn't wear panties, and it's about why all mention of her parents (George and Margaret), her home town (Willows), and even her last name (Roberts), has been erased from the record. And it's about why little girls like her anyway, why they've been playing with her for 36 years, in ways that can be neither predicted nor controlled—not by their mothers, not by Mattel, not by the whole vast, hierarchical, heterosexual, Judeo-Christian-military-industrial-Ozzie-and-Harriet-Beverly Hills-90210 edifice of western civilization.

by Lawrence Biemiller



Anyhow, the sneak preview: I was visiting my former stepfather, whom we'll call "George," and his frequent companion, whom we'll call "Betty." (Those are their real names, by the way.) I was reading a bright yellow review copy of Ms. Rand's book, which is being published by the Duke University Press and which is called *Barbie's Queer Accessories*. Naturally George and Betty were curious, so I ran through some of the book's highlights for them. Betty was intrigued—like many mothers, she had refused to let her two daughters have Barbies when they were young. "I thought Barbie robbed young girls of their childhood," she said. She seemed genuinely interested in Ms. Rand's exploration of Barbie's many meanings and their effects—good, bad, ugly, indifferent. George, on the other hand, went ballistic when I read aloud Ms. Rand's description of a lesbian porn photo spread in which Barbie is used as a sex toy. His trajectory can be calculated in simple mathematical terms: "Is that what you pay \$25,000 a year for your kid to learn in college these days?" Ms. Rand's description is such that it would be something of a show-stopper anywhere, but what's really remarkable is that it appears on the first page of the book's introduction, where Rush Limbaugh's producers and the *Wall Street Journal* editorial writers will have absolutely no trouble finding it. Eventually Betty and I calmed George down, but I kept coming back to questions the introduction raised in my own mind: Why is Ms. Rand, an art history professor who's just coming up for tenure, offering people who mock books like hers such an easy target? Not to mention that she's practically handing them a tag line that she could be stuck with for months or even years. Does the introduction end up undercutting the rest of the book, a book that is otherwise both scholarly enough for those who check footnotes and entertaining enough for the "Melrose Place" crowd? Ms. Rand must have known how incendiary it was to put the name "Barbie" in front of the word "dildo." She must have done it for a reason.

Just as she chose to write about Barbie for a reason. "Barbie's really accessible," Ms. Rand said over coffee that afternoon. "A lot of the problems with Barbie are so visible that people become cultural critics when they look at her. She generates a lot of analysis, and she's a great vehicle for learning political things." The title *Barbie's Queer Accessories* plays on the double meanings of both "queer" and "accessory." For instance, the book discusses lesbian readings and appropriations of Barbie's images (in which case lesbians are both the "queers" and the "accessories" to the appropriation), but it just as readily reevaluates unusual Barbie characters, outfits, and stories that Mattel has marketed over the years.

Ms. Rand, who is currently leading a series of faculty discussions about racism at Bates, also wants her readers to think about race. "In Barbie's world, two things are happening," she said. "Barbie and her friends now come in many colors, but

white blonde Barbie can never be displaced. The world of Barbie feminism, Barbie liberalism, and Barbie multiculturalism is a great example of how shallow commitments to diversity really don't work. You actually have to shift the distribution of power, shift the distribution of resources, for change to happen. Barbie's world, which has just a surface, we-love-everybody diversity, shows you don't get too far with shallow commitments."

One of the most important things Ms. Rand wants people to understand, though, is that anybody can be a cultural critic. "We tend to think of critical thinking in an elitist way," she said. "I want everybody to be critics and activists."

Ms. Rand has taught at Bates for four and a half years. In her book, she describes herself as a "dyke cultural critic," among other things, but in person she seemed a lot more complicated—and a lot more interesting—than any label can convey. She was surprisingly reluctant to be interviewed, even with a book coming out, and she said she had never liked being photographed. She volunteered that she tapes three hours of soap operas a day—she's a culture critic, after all—but said she fast-forwards through plots she doesn't like. She admitted, as though it were embarrassing, that "the ritzy place I went to college was Princeton" (later she got a Ph.D. in art history from the University of Chicago). She spoke with much more pride about working with the Portland, Maine chapter of ACT UP, and with a collective called Queers R Us.

At the end of *Barbie's Queer Accessories*, Ms. Rand comes back to the sex-toy image from her introduction as a way of summarizing some of her favorite points, just as I came back to wondering why she'd included it in the first place. When I asked, she said the photo spread "cut to the heart of images I was interested in." But after meeting her and reading her book I think there's more to it than that. Like any writer, she may have felt a need to establish her credentials at the start of a piece—but it was her leftist, lesbian credentials she wanted to establish, not her scholarly ones; in a decade when being too liberal means political doom, Ms. Rand still worries that she's not liberal enough. She is refreshingly unafraid of what others will think of her, and anyway she knows she can't predict exactly what meaning anyone else will find in anything, be it product or paragraph. And, hey, if a mention of Barbie as a sex toy gets people provoked enough to read the book and think about the questions she's asked—well, mission accomplished. To appropriate—and simultaneously subvert—Ms. Rand's favorite Mattel slogan from the 1980s: "We girls can do anything, right Barbie?"

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Lawrence Biemiller is a senior writer for *The Chronicle of Higher Education*. He has never owned a Barbie himself.



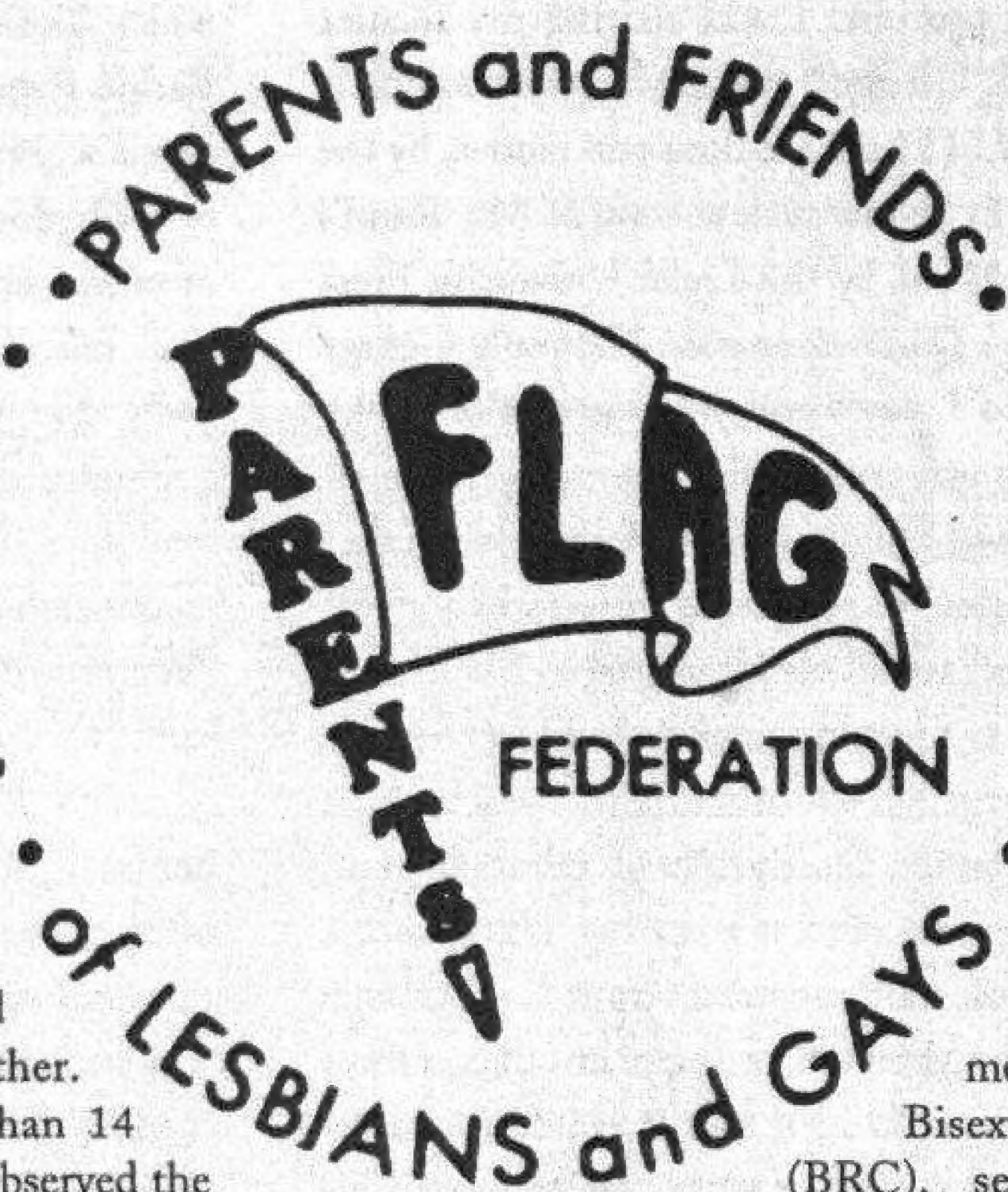
# I'm Bisexual and I Have Parents

By Lani Ka'abumanu and Valerie Stone

A young man with a magenta hair and multiple piercings held his mother's hand as they strolled through the information area. A leather man in full drag with his arm around his dad's shoulder chatted with his smiling mother. Young dykes no more than 14 years old giggled as they observed the scene. Over 900 mostly European-American folks filled the downtown San Francisco Hyatt Regency Hotel to attend the 13th International Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays (PFLAG) Convention over Labor Day weekend. Participants ranged from the tentative, wide-eyed, newly out parents who were taken in by the openness of the gay friendly and supportive atmosphere, to the "old timers" with shirts and blouses adorned with red ribbons and political buttons declaring "I LOVE MY LESBIAN DAUGHTER" and "LOVE MAKES A FAMILY."

On a scale of one to ten, the people watching was a ten+! Combinations of urban, suburban, and rural parents, and parents and their children streamed through the main conference area. Camp Lavender Hill, a summer camp for children of queers was there too! The theme, "Bridges to Equality," was stamped on canvas bags that attendees filled with goodies gathered at the information and merchandise tables. For many parents coming to San Francisco was a little like landing in Oz—they definitely knew they weren't in Kansas anymore.

Bisexual visibility was low in the workshop department (only two), but the BiPOL, Bay Area Bisexual Network, and BLUR information table made up for the lack. Our table was hard to miss among the many groups represented at the conference. Dannielle Raymond, founding member and one of the core organizers of BLUR (a social and support group for bisexual youth and their friends), made a huge banner for the table and complementing stickers proclaiming "I'm Bisexual and I Have Parents." People would stop in their tracks, pause to think about it, and then smile and nod.



We were in the business of high visibility, schmoozing, answering questions, and networking while pointing out all the bisexual literature, resources, and information on the table. Wayne Bryant, board member of the Boston based Bisexual Resource Center (BRC), sent brochures and the *International Directory* which rounded out the array of bisexual information on display. The BiNET USA newsletters, back issues of *Anything That Moves (ATM)*, the bibliography of articles and books, the Klein Scale, the bisexual myths and stereotypes, and the brochures were almost gone within the first three hours on Friday afternoon! A new supply of *ATMs* and more copies had to be made for the next two days.

This crowd was a joy. I worked for several hours all three days. They were thanking us, while at the same time we were thanking them! So many sweet sincere savvy people who love their queer children so fiercely they came out in great numbers to attend this conference. Most wanted as much information as they could get their hands on to take back home to share with those who couldn't make it. One man with a low-key, unemotional attitude strolled slowly and deliberately over to our table. As he checked out the information he told us in a quiet monotone voice that his son was bisexual. He then smiled and shook his head, saying he keeps telling him to "settle down with a nice boy." We couldn't figure him out, but smiled attentively and waited out the pregnant silence. The guy's face finally lit up. He chuckled and confided to us that he himself was gay! We all burst into laughter.

So many of these parents are lefty activists and organizers from the forties, fifties and sixties. Easy to spot, they immediately begin talking strategies. One woman said her son had been out for sixteen years, so she "didn't need the support groups any more," but "just loved the organization and the people so much," she decided "to start a speakers bureau. Parents go into the high schools to speak to the issues." What a brilliant strategy, I



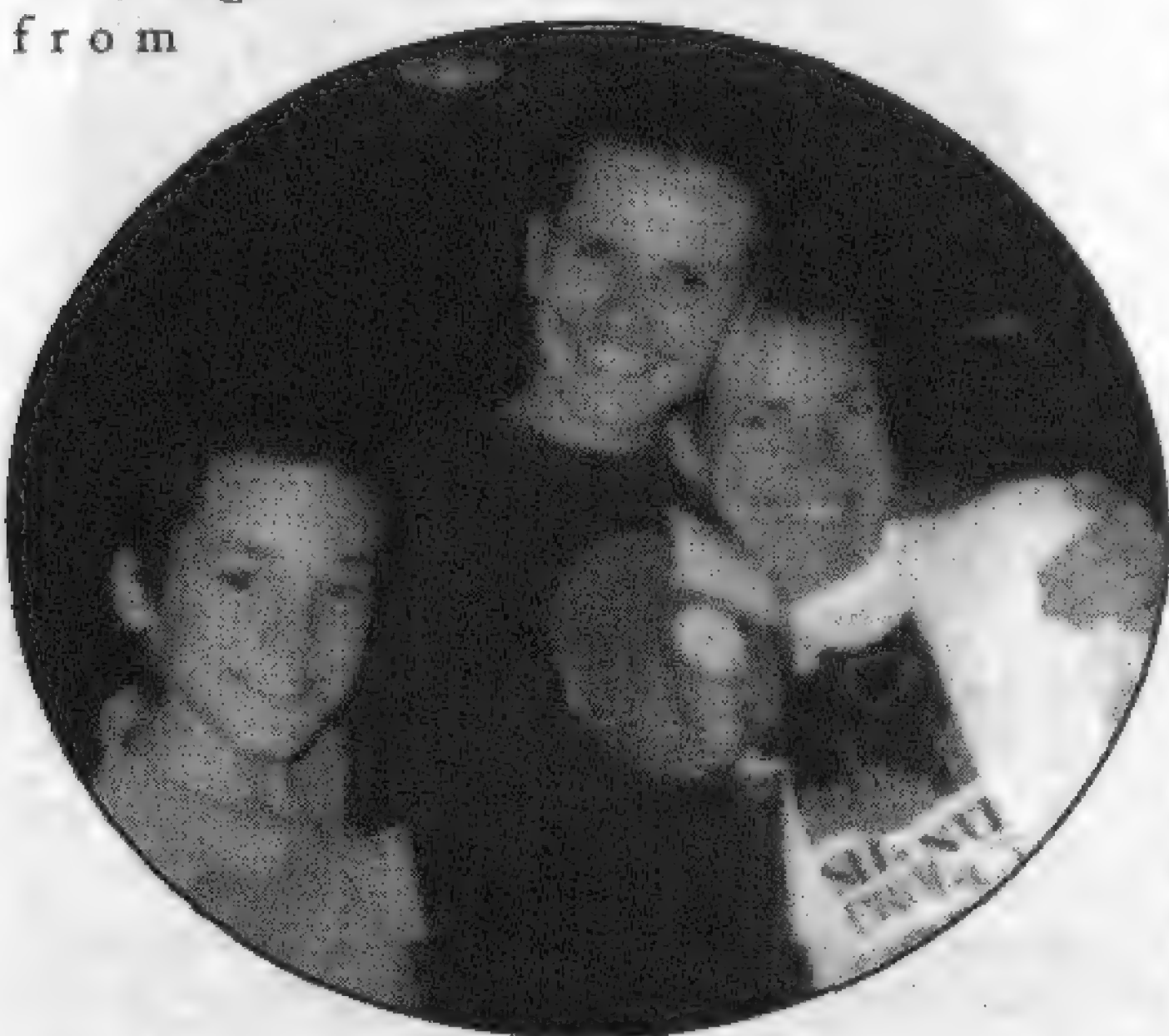
thought. The radical right would be hard pressed getting these regular everyday heterosexual parents kicked out of the schools.

In her fabulous Long Island accent she proudly continued telling us that a picture of her marching with a sign "I LOVE MY GAY SON" was in the New York Times just after the 1987 March on Washington. She returned to the table several hours later to show two other women all our information. They were beside themselves talking about adding books and the resource guides to their libraries and joining BiNET USA and subscribing to *Anything That Moves* and purchasing the International Directory and on and on! Most parents have been very confused as to what to do with their bisexual calls. We were a Bi 101 oasis! Gay and lesbian tablers came over to pick up information and talk with us, too.

Bisexual ally extraordinaire Amity Buxton, Ph.D., author of *The Other Side of the Closet*, invited bisexual activists and research psychologists Valerie Stone, Ph.D., and Ron Fox, Ph.D., to join her for the "Understanding Bisexuality" panel. Stefan Lynch asked Dannielle Raymond to sit on the panel for "Children of Gay and Lesbian Parents." Behind the scenes lobbying regarding the low visibility of bisexuals and our particular issues paid off. Fortunately, at the last minute there was a cancellation so space was available for a second bisexual workshop—"I'm Bisexual and I Have Parents."

I immediately called my friend, bisexual writer and activist Michael Szymanski, in Los Angeles on the very outside chance that he and his mother (who had been with him at the 1993 March on Washington) would be at the PFLAG conference. Not only was his mother Rose from Miami going to be there, but Michael's childhood friend Tigger Newman, a bisexual activist on the San Francisco peninsula, and her mother Ginger

from



Hawai'i were going to be having a reunion at the conference! Ginger and Rose hadn't seen each other in twenty years! Talk about synchronicity, talk about the planets being aligned, talk about outrageous luck, we were psyched! What a coup!

Valerie Stone, co-founder of the Bay Area Women's Network, reported that panelists at the two bi-specific workshops talked about coming out issues; said that yes, bisexuals can be monogamous; pointed out that since many bisexuals were previously gay or lesbian, bisexuality is no more a phase than anything else, that people can and do change; stressed that a gay or lesbian child who gets involved with a member of the opposite sex is not going straight; and talked about bisexuality and marriage. And what was the feedback? Valerie felt "there were positive responses and some people said they understood better, even if they didn't understand completely. Other people left feeling more confused, and some people were quite upset about bisexuality." When Ron Fox asked the audience how many people were aware that Colorado's Amendment 2 or the military's policy on gays specifically named bisexuals as targets of discrimination, not a single hand went up. After the workshop, eighty people knew. The activists among them will take that information and do something with it. As we educate them, more and more will act.

Michael and Tigger debunked the myth of non-monogamy by talking about their monogamous relationships. Michael talked about wanting to have a family, and that a family with a male partner was just as valid as a family with a female partner. Tigger shook up people's stereotypes by discussing her long term relationship with a bisexual man. Their mothers

## PFLAG PURPOSES AND OBJECTIVES

- To provide a support system for families and friends of lesbians, gays, and bisexuals in their effort to understand, accept, and support gays, lesbians and bisexuals with love and pride.
- To offer support and understanding to gay, lesbian, and bisexual people.
- To support the full human and civil rights of lesbians, gays, and bisexuals. To speak out and act whenever necessary to defend and enhance those human and civil rights.



**"I can't see  
why anyone  
would have a  
hard time  
understanding  
[bisexuality]....  
you're able to  
love anyone,  
whether that  
person is a man  
or a woman. I  
think it sounds  
wonderful."**

explained their process of accepting and understanding their children's sexual orientation. Rose explained she had to learn to accept Michael's sexuality however he defined it, and that any problems she had were not with Michael, but were her own. She commented that "we're so caught up in putting a name, a label to everything—gay, lesbian, bisexual—but what they (our children)

are, are loving individuals. I think we are making this more complicated than it is." After his workshop, Michael Szymanski felt that in general "people had tremendous difficulty giving up the notion that sexual orientation is fixed or that people fit neatly into categories. They couldn't comprehend fluidity."

My personal feeling is that most parents are ready for more visible inclusion of bisexual people, bisexual parents and children, but organizational changes are slow and won't move any faster because that is the way institutions move . . . slowly. Granted, the addition of bisexual to the mission statement in 1992 was a giant step, but only one, and only the first of many steps that need to be taken. Last year, Deb Kolodny, one of six national BiNET USA coordinators, and A. Billy S. Jones facilitated a successful training with the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force. As one of the coordinators for BiNET USA I am happy to report a letter is being drafted to contact PFLAG leadership and board members about the possibility of working together on a bisexual in-service sensitivity/educational training.

Now is the perfect time to get in touch with your local and regional PFLAG chapters. Make yourselves known and available, do presentations at meetings, break down stereotypes by becoming visible, bring resources, volunteer. We need an organization like PFLAG to support us in the best way possible. That support (as we bisexuals know all too well) goes both ways!

Our visibility at this conference was a beginning, and a pretty successful one at that. It behooves us to get involved. Participation is essential as a long term strategy for the next several years. Bisexuals and our parents, families, and

friends, as well as our groups and organizations, must join in the work of organizing conferences, presenting workshops, pushing for a keynote speaker or a plenary panel on bisexuality and transgender issues, peopling an information table, taking an ad out in the official program, or just attending the conference and be an out visible bisexual presence.

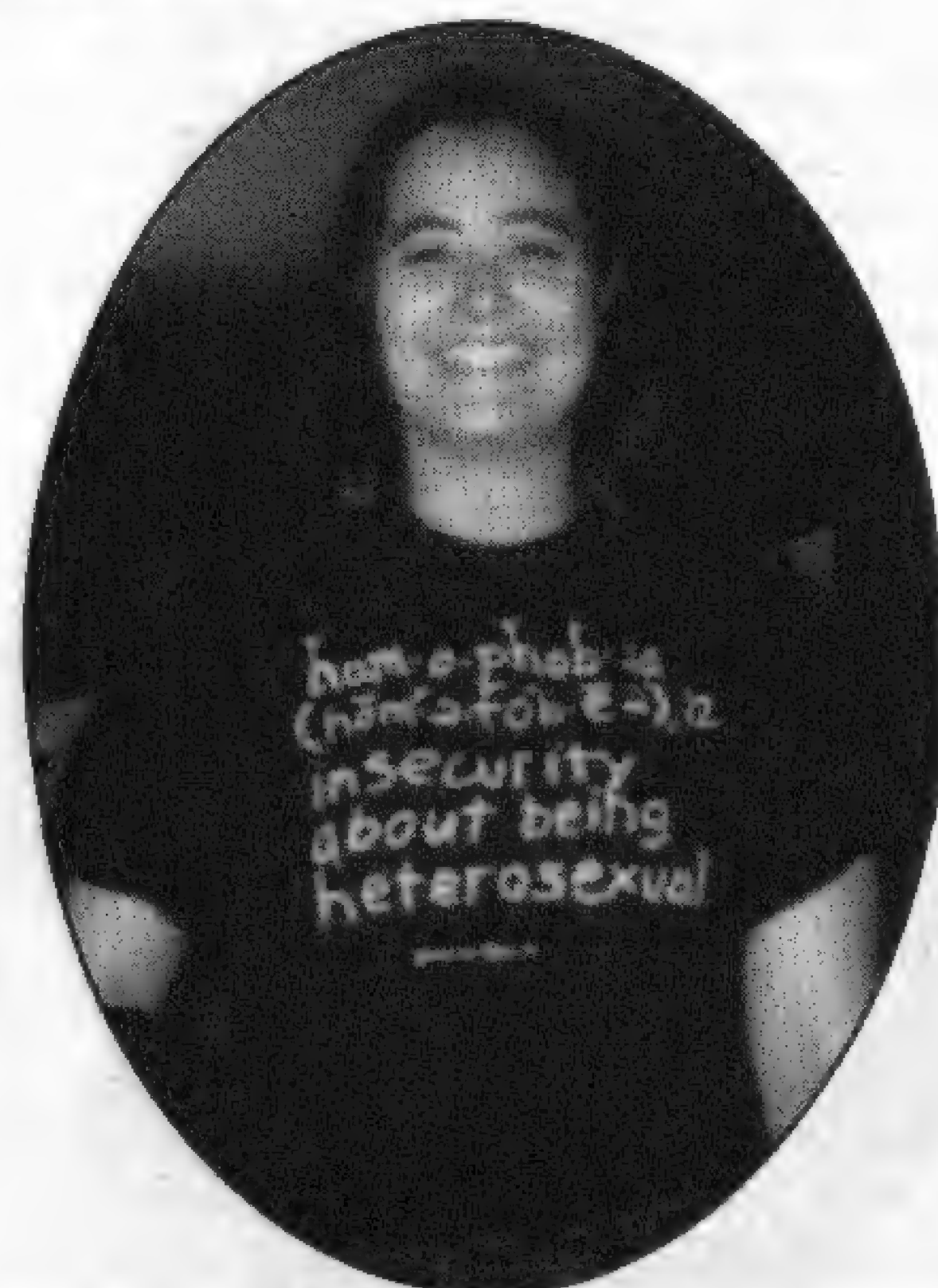
Plans for next year are already in the works. Indianapolis is inviting folks to Hoosier Heartland for "Educating Families Toward Love and Acceptance." The 14th International PFLAG Convention will be held September 29 to October 1, 1995. For registration and convention information, contact:

Indy PFLAG '95  
POB 1406  
Anderson, IN 46015-1406  
317.644.3570

Any bisexual folks in Indiana who want to be a contact for the conference next year? Write BiNET USA, POB 7327, Langley Park, MD 20787-7327 and maybe, just maybe I will see you there.

Lani Ka'ahumanu has a mom, four sisters, nine neices and nephews, one grand neice, two grown-up adult children, and two daughters-in-law. She is currently planning her daughter's wedding celebration.

Valerie Stone is the co-founder of the Bay Area Bisexual Women's Network, has work on AIDS prevention and facilitated both women's and mixed bisexual support groups. At the last minute due to a family emergency her article was incorporated into this one.





# Overnight Bi Guru for PFLAG

**B**efore I go on to recount the tale of biphobia at PFLAG, let me just say that I enjoyed tremendously my time there as an administrator in the D.C. chapter, and that I found all the folks I worked with there to be very good people, open to change and growth. This is why I am so saddened by the continuing recalcitrance of the organization on this issue. This is also why I am hopeful that a concerted, thoughtful, and sensitive campaign to educate them might meet with considerable success.

My first encounter with overt problems came during my very first month on the job. I overheard a joke in the office adjacent to mine. I do not recall the text of the joke (it was structured like "the priest, the minister, and the rabbi" jokes, but had a gay man, a lesbian, and a bisexual as characters), but the punch line played on the perceived connection between bisexuality and non-monogamy—the bi character was portrayed as "by definition" having simultaneously a female and a male lover. I went flying out of my office and walked up while they were still chuckling and said, "What makes you think bisexuals can't be monogamous?" To his credit, the jokester confessed that he had never thought about it and we proceeded to have a little discussion about the fact that bisexuality does not mandate a specific type of behavior. It's a small suite of offices with open doors, so everyone heard the whole thing. Overnight I became a kind of Bi Guru for PFLAG. Everyone knew I was bi and opinionated and prepared to talk about it.

On the local front, much the same thing was happening in the D.C. chapter. I was out to all the "PFLAG Moms" I worked with, and I constantly amended their speech and writing (if I had a dime for every time I said or wrote "... and bisexual ..."), called them on biphobic comments, and lobbied them to consider bisexual perspectives and contexts in their organizational work. I did meet with some limited success, especially as we became closer and they started asking questions.

Back in the office, I was answering the bi questions that came in to PFLAG National. When a person called with a question about bisexuality or about a bisexual person, they often ended up talking to me. When a letter came in from the parent of a bi, the PFLAG staff ran it by me for my opin-

ion on a correct response. Of course, I was flattered by the attention and confidence, and I was happy to volunteer the time and effort.

Finally, after the lip-service paid to bisexuals at the 1992 Convention, it was decided that some substantive resource on bisexuality should be produced by PFLAG. Sidney Oliver, a PFLAG National staff member, asked me to produce a one-page bibliography of books and articles on bisexuality. I didn't think this would be adequate to cover the topic, so I produced an annotated bibliography that included books, popular periodicals, scholarly journals, organizations and their newsletters, and a one-page essay from me. I know that these items are still on file at PFLAG National. The plan was to make copies of the bibliography available to people who asked PFLAG for information on bisexuality. The availability of the bibliography was indeed announced in a PFLAG publication and a few copies were sent out. That was the end of bi inclusion efforts as far as I know.

My overall impression of the PFLAG National staff is somewhat ambiguous. I was treated extremely well personally, but bisexuality was generally erased, blended in to "gay and lesbian," or ghettoized (turned over to the "Bi Guru").

Despite my constant "outness" and my continuing efforts to engage folks in dialogue about the issues, there seemed to be a lot of foot-dragging on the organizational side. Their intentions were generally good; they just didn't get it.

Why? PFLAG, as an organization, has embraced essentialist notions of homosexuality as part of its support program for parents. This distances parents from any possible responsibility for their offspring's homosexuality. In my experience, moreover, PFLAG members are greatly comforted by the genetic studies and other research that suggests an organic basis for homosexuality. Our non-linear, multilateral, uncharacterizable bisexualities pose a real philosophical problem for these folks. It seems they can't wrap their minds around both bisexuality and essentialism at once. PFLAG must change its philosophy to be inclusive of bisexuality (perhaps by first changing its name ...).

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# I Was a Twenty-Minute Mom

by Karen Orlando

PFLAG gets to the root of sexual stereotyping, the parents. Once beyond their stereotypes, isolation, and fear, parents are fierce allies. The welfare and rights of their bisexual, gay, lesbian, or transgendered children is of primary concern. I was curious about the answers and the reception my mother would get if she called the PFLAG Helpline about her bisexual daughter. To find out what resource the Helpline offered to a concerned parent of a bisexual child, I called the local line posing as my mother.

"Thanks for calling PFLAG's Helpline for family and friends of lesbians and gays." There was no mention of bisexuals. At one point in time, the outgoing message tape included bisexuals; it has been removed. After the general niceties, the woman asked if the person I was calling about was male or female, how old she was, and why I was uncomfortable. I explained I was calling about a young female adolescent, but eventually named her as my daughter, and said I was uncomfortable because I was afraid of saying or doing something that would harm our relationship. I was having trouble understanding and accepting this and needed help/guidance. She then spoke about the need to be better informed and that information was available to help educate me.

She explained that for young adolescents, personalities and sexual identities are still forming and this may just be a phase my daughter was going through before she found herself. I replied, "Oh, so then I can still hold out some hope that she'll get married?" Her reply was, "Well, I think you should prepare yourself for the possibility that she'll decide she's gay." She assumed I was heterosexual, and explained that as heterosexuals come to a time in our life when we know we are heterosexual, we meet someone of the opposite gender, fall in love, and get married. The same is true for bisexuals. What will tell who they are is who they fall in love with. Sometimes they come out as bisexual on their way to their true identity. However, whether this is a phase or not is beside the point. She spoke about how this is not just sexual; it's an affinity you have for a certain person.

I then asked about resources. She told me about an article in the *National Association of Social Work Magazine* entitled, "The Coming Out Process for Lesbians." I asked if there was anything she could recommend on bisexuality. She dodged the question and spoke about the Kinsey Scale instead. I let her talk. Another resource she offered was an article with interviews of the top ten researchers on sexuality. She also recommended the books *Sexual Preference*, by Bell and Weinberg, and *Now that You Know*, by Fairchild and

Hayward. However, she couldn't recommend anything specifically on bisexuality.

I asked if there were any groups she could recommend to me that might have more specific resources on bisexuality. She mentioned the Bisexual Network, but then quickly said that wouldn't apply. Then she recommended the Sexual Minority Youth Assistance League (SMYAL). I said great, do they have groups for parents. She said no, they only have groups for kids. She said that PFLAG had groups for parents. I asked if there would be parents of bisexuals there. She commented that it's a volunteer group and she couldn't guarantee that any particular person would be there at any particular time.

Then she spoke about how often adolescents use bars as a place to meet and experiment and that bars are no place for a child. Then she said, "Particularly if she's bisexual, she needs to know how to protect herself from AIDS." And that "she is at greater risk of catching a sexually transmitted disease from sex with a straight man, and is at greater risk of catching HIV from sex with a bisexual man." I then played my parental panic role. "Oh no, I've already talked to her about the need to have safe sex but I didn't know she was at greater risk for catching HIV by sleeping with bisexual men. I told her she just had to have protected sex (if she was having sex at all). Now you're telling me I've misinformed her." She then did some mighty fast backpedaling. "Well, actually if you're up to date on your information on HIV, transmission through heterosexual sex is the fastest rising group." Then I played confused. "But I thought you said she was at greater risk with a bisexual man?" She responded with, "Well, maybe that was two years ago. The gay community responded quickly and effectively to modifying their behavior and now the fastest rising mode of transmission is through heterosexual sex." She recommended I contact Whitman Walker for information on HIV/AIDS.

Overall, she came across as warm, well-intentioned, and empathetic, but obviously she could use some education herself. Especially in light of the fact that, apparently unbeknownst to her, resources were available in the PFLAG office. Who knows what the other counselors are like, but it's disheartening to know that basic bisexual resources like the *International Directory Resource* and *Bi Any Other Name* were not at her fingertips.

This is a call to all bisexual activists: call your local group—bring resources—begin the dialogue.

Karen is a bi activist within the anti-racism/anti-oppression community who is leaving her current abode in Washington, D.C. this summer for new horizons in San Francisco.



1952

## AGE 12

We took turns showering under an old galvanized watering can filled with cold water. We ran into the club house to towel off, our bodies all shivers and goose bumps. Unused to nudity, I admired the twins for their 16 year-old muscularity and olive skin tone. Their genitals were even darker, so boldly (for me) I studied all the little giggling doodads.

When Grant was dry he started rubbing his cock. Gary watched. I didn't know about hard-ons but very soon Grant's cock ballooned amazingly large and stretched upward.

My eyes popped as Grant explained, "There are two ways to get a hard-on. The first is called shucking corn." He demonstrated "shucking corn" by briskly rubbing his cock with both hands, palms open with one on each side. He said, "The second way is called pulling it." He demonstrated "pulling it" by grabbing his foreskin and stroking it vigorously back and forth over the head of his cock. Grant's cock stood up so straight it touched his stomach.

Even though he didn't ejaculate, seeing all that forbidden naked flesh and all that engorged sexuality overwhelmed my curiosity. I was mesmerized and consumed by his magic erection and sex show.

Grant's display was so much more meaningful than his naked body and hard-on. I was absolutely fascinated by his cobra rising from its black woolly nest, defending its sack of eggs. I memorized its shape, the dusky foreskin slipping over the corona of the glossy maroon glans—it was a pulsing heart on a stick! Was I recording the first ever image of the shape, color and texture of an erect penis in my brain, or was I recognizing and responding to an archetype already engraved there—the totem of a tribe of which I did not recognize my membership?

I resisted any response, and I forgot (read repressed) Grant's sex show by the next week. Normal boys, especially hard-nosed mama's boys, disdain other boy's cocks.

to peer at my erection, and as he drew back, I knew that he had considered putting it in his mouth—and I was reassured. As the sun set, we jacked off each

other twice and cum flew everywhere. My parents' inhibition of my sexuality was broken. I rejoiced far more that I'd finally had sex than that my lover was a boy.

After that we met once a week for nearly a year at his house, when his parents were gone. We reinvented every mode of homosexual copulation—sucking cock, swallowing, and 69ing. After a few weeks we even took turns fucking each other. Afterwards, I was surprised to find that I had not only completely and irreversibly eroticized his male body, but other males as well. Male bodies, cocks, asses, and orgasms would never seem the same.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLAUDE MOLLER

Excerpts from a sexual  
autobiography by  
J. Wayne Fox.  
Working title:  
"Not Born Gay."

copyright 1994

## AGE 20

In a tense and husky voice I said, "Take off your bathing trunks and let's fool around."

My heart leapt when he reached down to loosen his trunks, and I helped him pull them off. Then I started playing with his cock. The only things of any importance were Chip, me, and my hand on his hard-on. Then I put his hand on my hard-on, and he also played with me. We were both incredibly excited.

At twilight we got out of the water, towed off and stared at each other's naked bodies. His erection was much larger than mine and pointed sharply to the left. We scrambled to the blanket and lay down together. Our curious hands rubbed and explored everywhere. He leaned down

1961

## AGE 21

My lust for the male body did not inspire me to give up my erotic feeling for girls: the delicious roundness of her breasts, the silken smoothness of her soft warm torso, the anticipation of thrusting into her warm damp pussy. Ironically, experiencing the pleasure which comes in gay sexuality made girls seem even more attractive than ever.

If I were primarily gay, I would have been unable to deny being gay at this point in my life. When gay men understand the intensity of their desire for other men, they make social and identity adjustments, and eventually they usually accept themselves. But I was still physically attracted to girls. Now I knew why I was uncertain about my sexuality and knowing that only made my life more frustrating.



too often i find myself questionin' whether or not i'm real. not real in the sense of "do i exist" or "am i truly here," but rather am i truly queer, am i really bi, do i have the right to call myself ethnic when i'm a third and fifth generation white boy, and where the hell do i get the balls to call myself a writer when i ain't even been published yet, and i only write when i'm pushin' the deadline and haven't had time to revise and edit and the weight of this is bearin' down on my skull like too much baggage unchecked at customs. and my shoulders are startin' to give. and besides who'd wanna read what i gotta say anyways? it's not like i got anythin' to say, or just maybe i do.

it's those just-maybes that keep me goin'. like the way Dorothy Allison talks about not feelin' "real" when she was growin' up. how she'd see the "real" people on tv or meet them in person and just not be able to relate to them. these "real" people just seemed to know somehow that the world was theirs and that they had a place in it. that they weren't on the outside lookin' in. that they weren't us and we weren't them and we never would be. we never could be.

her kind of thinkin' is the kind of thinkin' that stopped me dead in their tracks. dead. and in their tracks. not mine. never mine. not even on my deathbed. and this knowledge—it's somethin' i've had with me all my life. even now i know that no matter how hard i look through that keyhole i'm still on the other side of this door. that no matter how hard i try to fit in, be a part of it all, i'm still just an observer watchin' moves bein' made and i am tryin' so hard to get them right. sometimes i still wonder if i ever will. and sometimes i wonder why i keep on tryin'. why i keep on playin' other people's games. but only sometimes. 'coz i'm not the one makin' the rules.

one of the rules is lying to the other players so they don't know who they are. what's been done to them and what they

themselves can do to remedy the situation.

i think we've been fed a whole lot of shit over the years. been told a whole lot of lies. this shit that we have nothin' to say only one of them. that at times we live for people who do not care about us, who do not want to know us and who specifically, consciously, and purposefully want nothin' more than to shit us

out the other side. and that this shit has got to stop. we were not meant to be excrement. we were not meant to be flushed down the toilet.

# the 'real' me

so what am i tryin' to say?! what the hell am i tryin' to get across? i don't know...

. maybe i'm just crazy but it seems like there's always some motherfucker tellin' me that i ain't "real." that i can't be bi 'coz i haven't slept with a woman yet. that i can't be ethnic because i'm white and even though i speak fluent german it wasn't exactly my first language and so the fact that i've spent my life reclaimin' languages and cultures taken from me doesn't mean shit. and that i'm not a real new yorker 'coz i don't got no accent now 'coz it has been beaten out of me since the day i was born and although i was born in the bronx i wasn't raised there so how dare i say that's where i'm from. and that i can't be working class since my family, after bustin' their asses and livin' on hope more than paychecks all these years, is finally makin' themselves some money.

it's like i've got somethin' to prove, like i need a membership card to kmart, an irish brogue that you can detect, a personal history of datin'/fuckin' exactly half men and half women, and the entire subway map to new york city memorized, intact and in my fuckin' head. well, i don't. and i'm tired of apologizin' and waitin' for you to stamp some seal of almighty approval on my goddamn head. i don't fit into your neat categories. i don't and i know this pisses you off to no end. but fuck you. fuck you. you don't know me. you don't own me. you don't. so don't tell me how i should be 'coz you don't know. don't tell me how to live my life 'coz you ain't a part of it. and don't tell me

about my people, our histories and our neighborhoods 'coz you don't know my people and you ain't been to our neighborhoods and you don't know our histories 'coz what you know is from some history book that you bought for \$39.95, that you can choose to read, that you can choose to open or close and disregard. i ain't in no book and i don't cost no forty dollars. you can't put us on your shelf next to all your other books. so motherfucker just stop tryin'. for once please just shut up and listen. you might actually learn somethin'. you just might see me. you might. you could. do you want to? and if not then why the fuck not?

by timothy l.

(or what i found in other people's toilets ) ) )





*Lily*, by Michael Rosen

**On the whole, she is happier than she was before this madness set in. We who like her, however, are in some distress about where it will all end. Still, as her friends tend to comfort one another when her name comes up, she's in better shape than if she took up raising cattle— a thing that mercifully has not yet occurred to her.**

**Henry Mitchell  
Gardening Columnist**



# REVIEW

## IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT

*Reviewed by Paul McEnery*

In a Different Light

University Art Museum, Berkeley

Curated by Laurence Rinder and Nayland Blake

What are my sexual tastes? I'm not telling, not on a first date. I don't want to get your hopes up. You'll just have to guess. After all, other people find it pretty simple.

When I was last in London, I got queerbashed. How was I to know that black Docs, khakis and a black leather jacket were local queer colors? The other local queer colors being black and blue, apparently. I wisely traded up to black Levis and moved to Sacramento. The first words anybody spoke—well screamed from a passing van, in fact—were “hey faggot.” Fashion can be so confusing when you're a member of the jet set.

Naturally I was quite pleased to see that Laurence Rinder and Nayland Blake put “In A Different Light” together to set me straight—and coincidentally display the infusion of queer sensibility into the culture. Except this one question—as I wandered through this concrete overpass masquerading as a gallery—insisted on repeating.

Who's queer? Who gets to be queer?

Because, you see, everyone was all mixed in together quite anonymously. And some people in the show weren't queer at all! They talked the talk, but they didn't walk the walk, pilgrim. It was like being at a cocktail party and nobody handed out those useful name tags, or ran around making frantic and mistaken introductions. You were in the unpleasant situation of having to make your own mind up. As in, “Which one of these two photos really is Andy Warhol in drag?” and “Is that a real Warhol, or is someone dragging their style up in Warholesque?”

Now and again you'd find your bearings with a piece you knew, like a Frida Kahlo self-portrait, only to realize it was a reproduction ripped out of a book. How Ortonesque! Am I supposed to think that books drag up in illustrations to make us think that they're galleries? I turned to look at a photograph of Robert Mapplethorpe sticking a whip up his bum. Well that's

cut and dried, I thought, then thought again. He's playing at being the devil, you see. Perhaps what Blake's telling me is that queer is just a game of let's pretend. Like this sheet of plywood over here that's cleverly been worked so it looks exactly like a sheet of plywood. These are deep waters, I thought to myself, and stepped smartly up to the next floor.

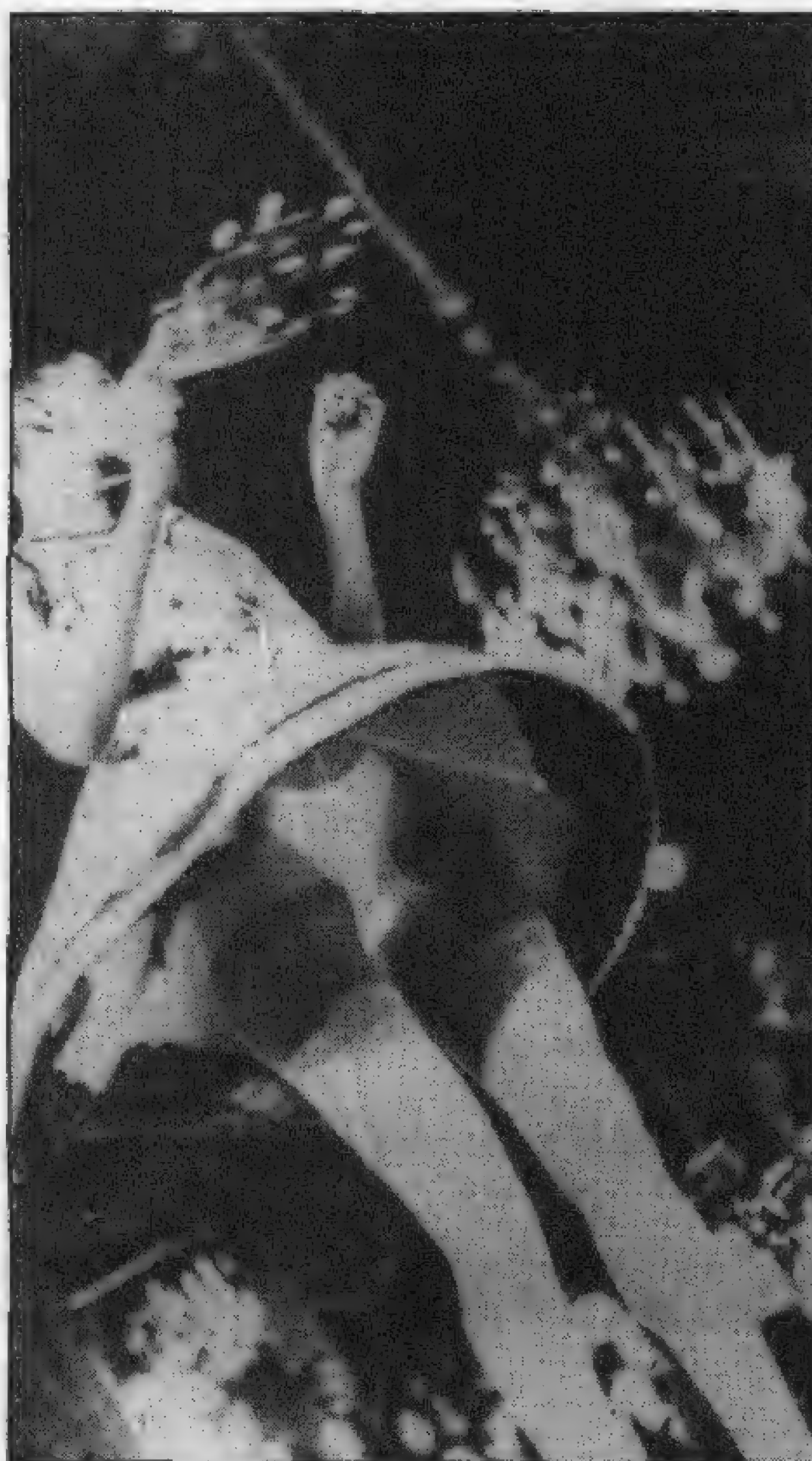
Oh, how was the show arranged? In a sort of “Queer by the Numbers” approach, starting in the Void, then incrementally—through Self, Other, and Couple—to the Big Bang of the Orgy, and thereafter—with a brief stopover in the World—to the post-orgasmic heaven of Utopia. But that's a little too brisk of a tour to take in all at once.

So, the Other. It was a room of transference and projec-

tion, a chronicle of self-conflict and the battle between image and desire. Of hoping David Bowie/Madonna really was bi and you might have a chance with her/him. Familiar ground, but it makes me feel a bit queasy. Too similar to “looks like a guh-damn fagit t'me,” if you see what I mean. Let's restate the question.

What do queers look at? Or is it that they look at things differently? And how does this define queer? This is a shift from object to subject. Queer is how to look, not what you look like. And what you look with. The knot of image and desire is disentangled. The look is the product of a million different gazes.

Feeling myself slide into the safety zone of chilly intellect, I offered the security guard a penny for her thoughts. This turned out to be a masterstroke as Angel took me from piece to piece and told me whether or not she actually liked it. She especially liked the ones made out of gold-colored tinfoil which turned out to have a picture of a naked man set into the middle. The image of men in leather masks performing unspeakable (and quite possibly lethal) acts on the body of a crucified man received high marks as well. Queer is



Zoe Leonard  
Frontal View, Geoffrey Beene Fashion Show, 1990



in the eye of the beholder, as far as dirty pictures go anyway. As Blake wrote in the catalogue, perhaps wasting his effort, perhaps not, "Needless to say, all heterosexual sex is not necessarily straight sex."

There followed an unfortunate collection of icky, gungy, squidgy, grubbyabject odds and sods. As far as childhood goes, there's a reason I repressed those memories. The odor of spit-smeared Farley's rusks pursues me to this day. Mike Kelly and all can keep their beat-up muddy cloth toys in the closet where they belong. One more bit of art and off home, then.

It was a simple bed with a coverlet made of flower pictures sewn together. La Vie en Rose! I thought, et en Chrysanthemum, et en Begonia, etc. etc. Angel settled my hash right away. "No, you see, the headboard is painted grey so it looks like a gravestone and the bed is heaped like a grave and it has a quilt put on top of it like the AIDS quilt except it's made out of flowers which is life out of death and hope for the future!"

Well, I always like to end on an upbeat. To parrot the Cultural Revolution—with the faintest trace of irony—let a thousand flowers bloom!

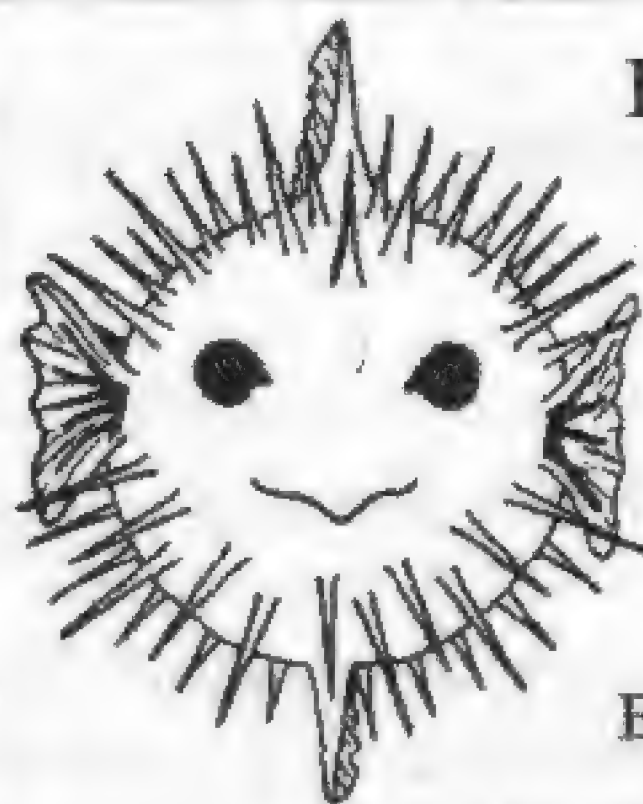
You've already missed the show, but you can buy the book of the show from City Lights in San Francisco and read very long essays on the subject.

Paul McEnery is still Managing Editor for *MONDO 2000* but he likes to moonlight. Angel is still a security guard but she's hoping to get into law school.

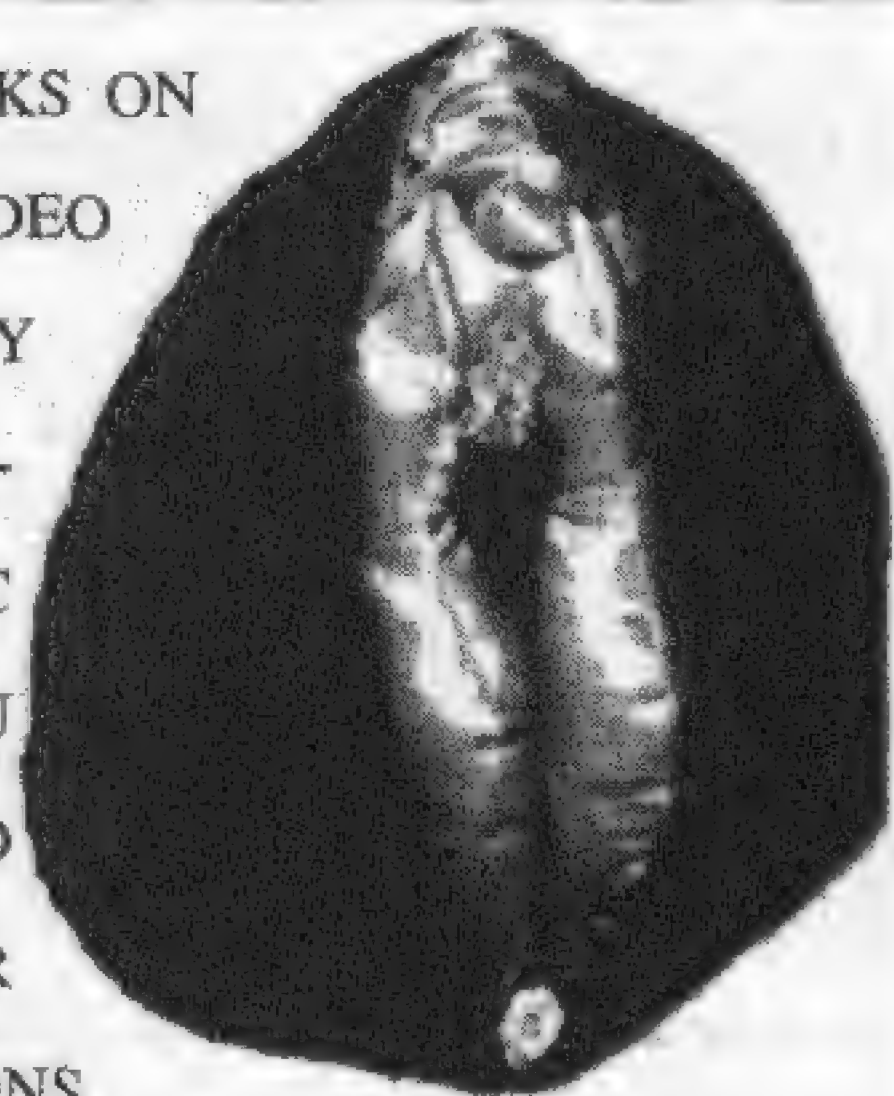


Deborah Kass  
Double Blue Barbra, 1992

~~QUEER NOT QUEER~~



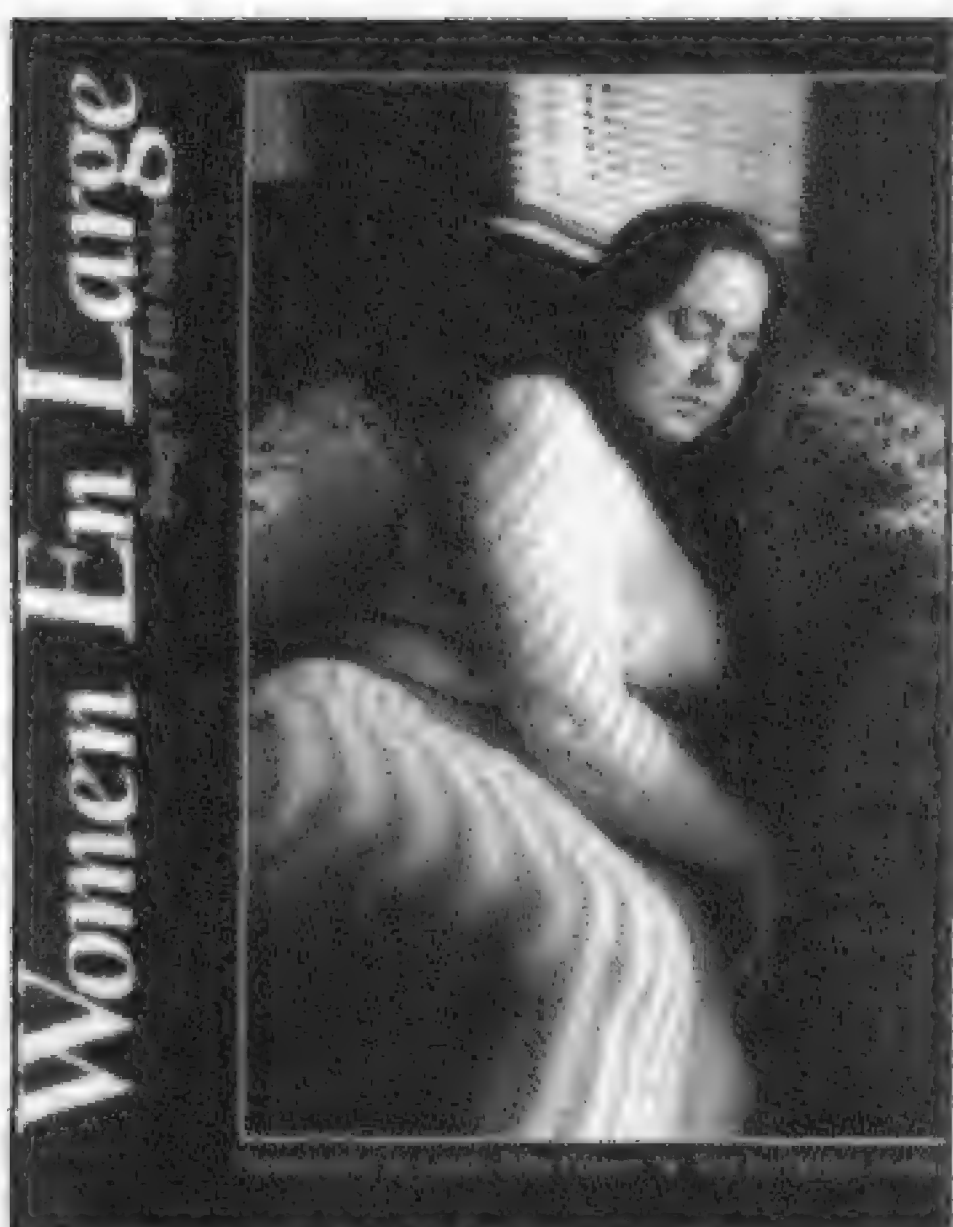
BOOKS ON SEX. • SEX ON BOOKS. • BOOKS ON  
SEX ON TAPE. • PEOPLE TIED UP, ON VIDEO  
TAPE. • VIDEOS WITH PEOPLE VERY, VERY  
UNTIED. • VIDEOS WITH PEOPLE WITH DIF-  
FICULT-TO-CLASSIFY GENDERS. • COMIC  
BOOKS, COMICS, AND COMIX. • DICKS YOU  
CAN SLAM IN A DRAWER. • DICKS YOU COULD



SLAM IN A DRAWER, BUT YOU'D GET CHOCOLATE ALL OVER  
YOUR SOCKS. • THINGS TO MAKE SURE LOVE HURTS. • LOTIONS,  
POTIONS, AND THINGS TO SMEAR ALL OVER YOUR BODY BEFORE DANCING IN THE MOON-  
LIGHT. • THINGS TO INSERT INTO YOURSELF, IN A VARIETY OF WAYS. • THINGS TO COVER  
THINGS YOU INSERT. • STUFF TO LUBE UP THE THINGS YOU COVER THINGS YOU INSERT  
WITH. • AND, OF COURSE, THE MOST AMAZING HAND-PUPPET YOU EVER SAW.

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DEBBIE NOTKIN

THE WOMAN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH SMILES SHYLY. HER LONG HAIR IS PULLED FORWARD AND LIES DRAPED ACROSS ONE FULL BREAST.

SHE IS STANDING OUT OF DOORS, ONE HAND RESTING LIGHTLY AGAINST HER AMPLE BELLY, THE OTHER LEANING AGAINST A DECK AS SUNLIGHT DRIFTS THROUGH THE REDWOODS BEHIND HER.

"That's your beautiful California woman on a redwood deck," says Laurie Toby Edison, smiling. Edison, a photographer, teamed up with writer Debbie Notkin to produce *Women En Large*, a photography book that contains images of fat nudes and essays about fat acceptance in a culture that gives women only a thin margin by which to measure beauty.

In the book, Edison explores many of the conventional ways of seeing fat women, and women in general—the woman supine, the woman in the garden, "a flower among flowers." She notes that big, fleshy women appear often in 19th century Salon paintings, but that the convention was to hold the viewer at a distance.

"Ours is a book about beauty and celebration," explains Notkin. "It's not radical or threatening to talk about fat people being oppressed." But it is quite radical to present an image of a nude woman that shows her to be beautiful.

At book signings across the country, Notkin and Edison have been finding an eager audience for the message *Women En Large* conveys. Over the past few months they have been promoted it to standing-room-only crowds.

The media attention has been phenomenal, especially considering that this is a book from a small press without a generous publicity budget. One brief mention in *The Utne Reader*

## WOMEN EN LARGE

alone drew 1,000 inquiries nationwide.

The book has also found mention in *Health* magazine, *Black Elegance*, *Deneuve*, *The Minneapolis Star-Tribune*, *The Whole Earth Review*, *Gannett News Service*, the *San Francisco Examiner*, and *AfterImage*, a fine art photography magazine, among others.

"Our core audience is fat women, and that's who the book is for," Edison says. "But what I've found is that everyone has a fat brother, sister or lover, someone that they think is beautiful.

And they're so delighted that someone else might agree—this person is beautiful."

Despite its wonderful reception, *Women En Large* is a project that others might have given up on long before it came to print. Edison says 28 publishers turned down the book before the pair decided to self publish. Even then, two printers declined to take the job, saying the photographs were obscene.



LAURIE EDISON AND DEBBIE NOTKIN

BY GRETCHEN LEE



Notkin and Edison, both bisexual women, began exploring the issues of fat acceptance several years ago as participants in panel discussion groups within the science fiction "fandom" community.

As Notkin explains in the book, the catalyst for organizing the panel discussions was a particularly cruel letter to the editor of a small magazine in which a prominent, and fat, man in the science fiction fandom circles wrote that he didn't go to nudist camps because of his "terror of being confronted by a three-hundred-pound naked woman with an appendectomy scar."

Notkin and Edison did their homework for the panel discussions, arming themselves with the most up-to-date medical findings that indicated it was by far healthier to remain at a steady, albeit heavy, weight than it was to "yo-yo" up and down the scale.

They also brought to the discussions an understanding of how feminism fits into the picture. "Women more than anyone else are judged by their looks," Notkin says. "And waves of feminism have always been accompanied by a reduction in the 'proper' size of women."

Much of what they learned about discrimination against fat people came from the women who spoke out during the panels and during the book tour after *Women En Large* was published.

"I learned just how bad it can get," says Notkin. "I learned about doctors who would say a fat women's blood pressure just can't be taken because the cuff he has in his office is too small." Another woman told Notkin that her parents offered to help her go to school—but only if she would go on a diet. Others spoke of jobs they had lost.

"What was painful was realizing how much suppressed pain I'd been in for a long time," Notkin says. She explains how she came across an old college photo during the development of the book and realized how her life might have been different without the emotional baggage that comes with being fat.

"I think I could have developed a good deal of self esteem earlier," she says. "I've led a life I'm really happy with, it's just that I think there would have been a lot less pain in it."

"It was a political project for me before it was a creative project," acknowledges Notkin, noting that the process of a political endeavor allows greater emotional distance.



APRIL MILLER

"THE IMMEDIATE APPEAL FOR EDISON WAS THE CREATIVE POSSIBILITIES THE PROJECT AFFORDED. 'FAT WOMEN'S BODIES HAVE ENORMOUS VARIETY IN SHAPE AND TEXTURE, WHICH, AS AN ARTIST, I FIND TERRIBLY EXCITING.'"



Edison began taking the photographs for *Women En Large* more than five years ago, starting with nudes of Notkin. At the panel discussions, Edison would share the growing body of photos in a slide show.

After the discussions, women would often come up to Edison and volunteer to model. "It's a brave thing to do," she says. "You don't do this and then become president. But most of the women who did this did it because they thought it was politically important."

"Nobody starts out feeling comfortable being photographed in the nude. But seeing how I had photographed other women" was probably reassuring to the women who stepped forward, Edison says.

*Women En Large* is published by Books in Focus. To order a copy of the book, call (800) 463-6285.



CYNTHIA MCQUILLIN

"I BRING  
MY GAZE  
TO IT,  
AND MY GAZE  
IS ONE  
THAT FINDS  
BEAUTY."

LAURIE TOBY EDISON



J. KELLAN DEWEY-MCCRACKEN



# LACE GETS A KICK IN THE SHINS . . .

## THE THIGH HARNESS

A REVIEW  
by Sunshine Dewitt

If you want to try something this side of bizarre on the sex toy circuit, get yourself a strap-on-the-leg thingy, known by those in the know as "The Thigh Harness." Manufactured by Sprocket Science Labs, it can be ordered direct or bought at your neighborhood sex store. This little device sells for a hefty \$50, but some people might have a lot of sex toy cash stashed in their bottom drawer and this is a darn good way to spend it.

I met with the thigh harness inventor, Susan Lankford. Mostly she wanted to talk about how she was trying to get it patented and she was encountering all kinds of roadblocks in the way of her leg-up into the industry. While the conversation was interesting, more stimulating yet was the demonstration. She made me get on my hands and knees so she could mount my thigh and show me how to do it backwards doggie-style. Also, it was fun looking at all the drawings she had made of women with dicks sticking out of their legs.

I took two of these little jobbies down to San Diego where a lover of mine was living. We hopped into our thighmasters after a few exploratory kisses, and this is what happened.

It wasn't bad!

Despite my limited experimentation with the device (as of this writing the woman has come back from San Diego and seems to have lost interest in both me and my alternative placement strap-on), I was relatively impressed by the Thigh Harness. It gives you more leverage than the exhausting strap-on of yore, and it's more hand-freeing than the twiddling method.

Here's how it works. Place a dildo through the harness' hole, then strap the harness on to your upper thigh. You have to tighten it pretty well or you won't be able to keep it going. (We had a few mishaps when the thing slipped down off of my lover's leg.) The next step is to grease up the dildo with your favorite water-soluble lube, then get ready, get set, and start fucking your partner with your leg. It's quite an experience, especially at first. You're going into the scissor position, and instead of a simple rubbing (tribade), you're penetrating

him/her.

I imagine that for some women, the dick-coming-out-of-a-leg scene might be a trifle disarming, especially at first. However, there is much pleasure to be gained from it, so before getting scared off by the image, think on this: legs are sexy, dicks are sexy, leather strapped around just about any body part is sexy. It may well be the garter of the Nineties.

The best method for using this device, especially for two women, is for both of you to wear one. This way, you can get into various scissor positions and you're both getting fucked at the same time. I found that although we were both doing each other, we were switching off who did the most leg moving at any given time. If you're the type who can control your leg muscles even at the height of arousal, you may not have this problem. Still, to fuck someone while having a constant thud against one's G spot was a welcome new sensation.

Here's the one problem with the Thigh Harness. You don't exactly feel anything in your thigh. Sure, there are a few nerve endings there, but basically, once you really get

a solid leg lock, you can't see where or how, or even if, it's going. A tad disconcerting, especially for one who is accustomed to having heavy visual/tactile sex.

So give it a whirl (no, you can't have mine, I'm still knocking around looking for someone else to try it out with me) and then send us your impressions. The *ATM* staff was either too lazy or too lonely to send me their reviews even though I gave them my special review models to use and even demonstrated to them how to use them, so show them you're more sexually together and write it all down. I'd especially like to hear whether two men can find a use for it, because, clearly, Susan Lankford had lesbians in mind when she made it. And we, you know, want to show lesbians what's what all the time, and here's the perfect opportunity.





**I** knew it from the start. I believe I've always known. All my life I've shrunk at the eclipse of another human being. Of course it should end jumbled.

I told them at the office, respectfully or not, that I would be at the dentist's office all afternoon and, for that very reason, I should not be expected back after lunch. It was a believable lie, I supposed, for my teeth wiggled in their gums, with some teeth trading places. Mornings I would awaken, run my tongue over my teeth, and find a molar where an incisor should be, scoring my tongue in its tracing.

The greasy moon-faced secretary in the front office undoubtedly doubted my life. Women's intuition: she knew there was no hope in hell for my jaw. Looking at me, she pushed back from her desk with both hands and swiveled to face the file cabinet. I turned to leave.

"Wait," she grunted, "I need you to sign this."

Turning back, I saw her banana fingers dip into my personal file. As I signed, I looked up at her. I could almost see myself in the shine of her broad forehead. I realized I

would never have to gaze at her again if I so chose. Freed, I floated up a bit from the ground. Relinquishing the pen with a flourish, I said, "Do you need a note from my mother as well, Miss Hopkins?" almost shouting the word "Miss."

For a moment she looked surprised, then her great brow knit. "What," she snorted, "you have a mother?"

I was somewhat taken aback by her hostility. I hardly knew this woman. My feet lodged back on the carpet. I stared at her brow, queasily noting the texture of plucked flesh.

"Of course I have a mother," I said suddenly.

"Well," she drawled, barely looking up from her manicure, "I bet she loves that face of yours."

At that, I left.

Slapping the pavement with flat feet, I reflected on my life. I thought of Willadean. Did she really believe she could be my ex-wife? Willadean never minded bad teeth. She didn't mind much at all. When I think of it now, of the reasons we married, I laugh out loud. I thought she was different from other girls, perhaps more intelligent.

What a scream. I screamed out loud. She was more intelligent, and she sure as hell was different.

"Eric," she used to say, "you're a guy, but a good one. You're gentle."

I was blind, not blinded. She didn't blind me, it was our circumstances. I was twenty-eight years old. She would make me laugh by doing imitations of my father. I supposed I showed her a thing or two about gentle. Gentle was nothing I did: gentle was the space left by something I wasn't doing.

We were together almost two years. I never raised my voice; my hands stayed at my sides. All she knew of me, those two long years, could have been written on a postcard, no, a stamp. I can see all this now because I've learned. You could say I learned from her mistakes.

We met in the supermarket. I thought that her cart was the marked-down damaged item bin, and started picking things out of it. Our differences of temperament were not so much revealed as fostered by our marriage. She didn't even walk like a girl, and she was still a girl then. Still a girl! She walked like me;

then more and more like me. At gatherings she'd do certain things, such as stand to shake hands when a lady entered the room. She was gallant. She strode about. I thought that implied a strong character, dependable. I must have thought that with my eyes. Or the teeth I lost as a child.

The time we spoke of God revealed that callousness of hers as never before.

"God?" she said. "Eric, you believe in God?"

"Of course," I said, shrinking, "don't you?"

"God," she laughed, "it's like bingo. You can't believe in it too much."

"But people win at bingo—all the time!" I shot back. "It's a special kind of luck."

"Special kind of stupid if you ask me," she muttered. "Look, to play, to win, once in awhile it's okay. But to really believe in it—that's another . . ."

"I don't see any difference," I told her flatly, "between playing and believing."

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"It's a shade different," she said, looking off over my shoulder, "like the difference just going to church, and going to church and counting hats."

Well, I'd never counted hats in my life and told her so. She smiled. Who was I dealing with? To get a rise out of her was impossible. Believe me, I tried. I'd tell her I was vomiting blood, or teeth, but didn't care to see the doctor. She'd just roll her eyes. What if it had been true? I could have been a lamp, for all she cared.

She was the social one. She had many friends, neighborhood women, wives who smoked. When she started doing hair, I thought she was crazy. Who would imagine Willadean doing favors for these strumpets, she who had a poverty of treats for her poor husband? I didn't suspect anything because it was right in front of me. Then the split came. It was as if my eyes healed, and I saw, saw her laughing and running her hands through that woman's hair. My stomach flew, knocking into things. Willadean was touching all the hair she could. Both of their mouths were open. I clamped down in a chair, but underneath my skin my body twisted and rolled. I waited until the woman left. "Norma" offered me gum as she was leaving, hitching her pants, swinging her hips. I refused politely. Maybe hours had passed, I don't

know. I felt I couldn't control my arms or legs, or the saliva filling my mouth. I swallowed and said, with surprising composure, "I'm going to wash your hair."

**W**illadean didn't even look at me.

She touched her hair.

"It's not dirty."

I knew I could do it.

"I just want to now. Please."

She shook her head and got up for a dry towel. I rose unsteadily, but once standing, found my feet to be hovering inches over the carpet. I skimmed to the sink, receiving little shocks from every object I lit upon. I thought of the shock she was going to get and laughed out loud.

"That you, Eric?" she asked as she entered the kitchen.

"Why yes, no, oh, those birds! Freckled!" I said, rolling out, laughing. She gave me a stiff, dreary look. I would have to shut up fast or blow this whole thing.

"Come on girl," I said, trying to suck in my impatience. I began filling the sink with water. The faucet felt warm in my clutch as I tested it.

"I don't do it like that, let the water out, Eric." She seemed almost petulant. What a triumph.

"Oh, I do," I warbled, grabbing a shoulder. She withdrew and looked right at me.

"You okay?"

Then I almost crumpled, but instead of failing my strength seemed to redouble, filling up, lifting. I addressed her as evenly as the character I imagined I'd be for this scene. Suddenly, this filling became too real, and I choked with love and said, "Honey?" as gently I placed two fingers on her shrugging shoulders and directed her up against the sink. She was so sure in her deception that she trusted me. A reluctance on her part, though, made me execute these motions slowly, lulling her to acceptance. I lathered her up like a poodle and filled the sink to rinse. Her eyes were screwed shut but her arms hung lazily at her sides. Rising, I clasped both wrists in one hand and dove her head under. I was both up against her and across the room, my arms telescoping out. Her kicking legs fell out from under her and splayed awry on the worn linoleum. She was near limp, breathing in water, when a certain urge took me, my pencil filling with lead, and I, high on the truth of it, let go of her wrists to

pull up her dress and nip down her drawers. Apparently, she was not so far gone as I had hoped, and one hand on her head and a thing up her butt was not enough to contain her. She flipped with a wave-like force to the floor, heaving suds. She gagged and threw up. I stood over her, damp, my exposed member cringing. My feet met the ground. All of a sudden she seemed large, wet, and dangerous. I slunk out the back door with my hat and briefcase. I was spinning. Who had done that?

After a couple days in a cheap hotel, I realized that that was myself, yes, and why not. Sometimes a man must take the upper hand with an errant soul. I showed her what I was made of, and now it was time to go back to my house. Still, I was dizzy. On the third day—today—I received the call at work. Sure enough, it was Willadean. I got a little giddy, asking her if she was calling to explain why she had been roughing the nipples of her neighborhood harem. She said she needed my signature and would meet me for lunch at Eddie's. A terrible cramp took my hand then and I was forced to drop the phone. The giddiness left me as quick as a sigh. So I went armed.

I got to the restaurant early and asked for a table in the back. My desire seemed to dash from one side of my face

By Kathleen Ritchey



to the other—apology or forgiveness? I shook my head and sat on my hands.

She arrived on time and seated herself at my table. An odd, pressed look enveloped her. I was solicitous and outraged. No, she did not want lunch. She handed me a folder of documents. A divorce. She brought the tidings of her lawyer through pursed lips. I asked her about the two years I had wasted on a perverted creature. I was rising and my lap pressed up against the bottom of the table. She failed to reply.

I did not relent. My teeth crackled as I spoke. I asked her why she had caused these problems, and what possible motive could she have had for blinding and poisoning me. She began to get edgy. She looked at me then, for the first time that day. Her ploy was less skillful than diverting.

"Hey," she said, "that's my shirt."

I looked down. The poor fool. I became calm. I knew this calm and I trusted it.

"No," I said silkily, "this is a man's shirt."

"Man's like hell, Eric, it's mine." Her face contorted and her hands clutched at the table.

"No," I said, tapping my chest, billions of years behind me, "man's."

I leaned closer, then drew back a little, opening my coat a tad and gesturing finely to the gun tucked into the waistband of my trousers. I giggled and whispered, "Man's."

Every man should have a gun: I don't know where I got mine. You should have seen her face. My mood was fine, just fine.

"Don't move, honey," I said lovingly, "I really think we can work this out."

"Lesbian!" the other side of my mouth hissed as I drew the gun out.

"Really, honey," I continued, confident in my audience, "we've come a long way. Let's stay together." I started humming.

She bolted, wild-eyed, throwing my aim off. The first

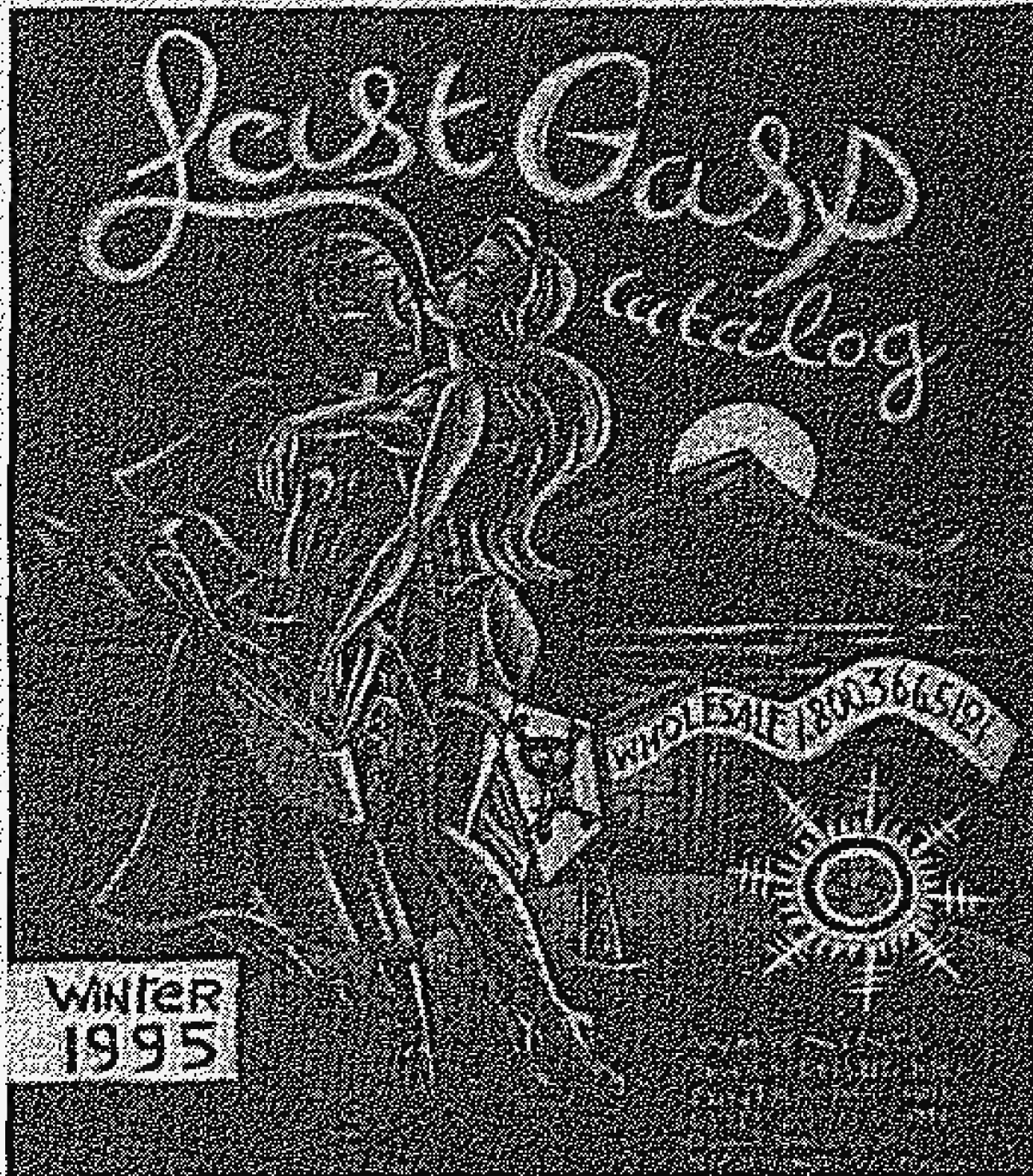
shot took her in the region of her appendix, which she had removed well before she met me. She doubled over, swaying, as the second shot caught her in the head, sending brains flying like popcorn. She crumpled to the ground. Her hair was slick with blood. The restaurant staff looked on, aghast, and diners fled. I put the gun in my suit coat pocket and called out, requesting in the name of God that someone call an ambulance and the police. My voice cracked as I said, *hangdog*, that I would be awaiting the latter in the men's room.

I glided soundlessly to the washroom and sponged off my suit. My hearing capabilities soared with my mood, and I noted much clucking and bustling in the dining hall. I opened the bathroom window and dropped lightly onto the street. My feet never touched the ground.

Kathleen Ritchey's stories have appeared in *This Is Not Her*, *Nine Artist Consider Yoko Ono*, *Discontents*, *Crimes*, *Dear World*, and *San Francisco Review of Books*. She is currently at work on her first novel.

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# THE GADFLY BI

by A.J. Davis

I appear in the conference; there are sixteen other Net-beings there with me. Their names scroll by quickly, some I know, some I will know, and others . . . well, they're Net-beings. I hug all sixteen conferees at once, one of them plucks me up and flies to the stars with me, while I think slut-puppy thoughts about them. I let fly a text string with one key stroke, it says <singing> Hell-o, hell-o again...!). In so doing I announce my presence. Life on the Net gets weird fast!

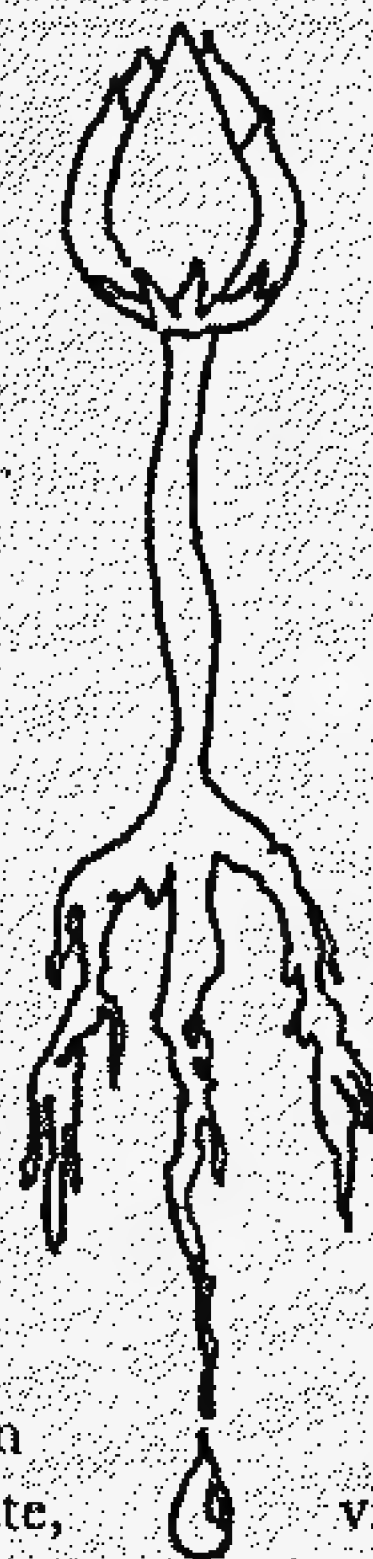
Bulletin board systems allow any number of computer users to hook up and interact at the same time. Flavored by the particular system you're on, it allows for all types of communication. E-mail (electronic mail) has certainly revived the lost art of letter writing. Topical forums give people in need of a soapbox—some of them more desperately than others—a place to argue, debate, spout off, and pontificate. All with the assurance that someone will respond—possibly in a flame—within a day or two. And of course, there's teleconferencing.

Imagine showing up at a party, just you and anywhere from forty to four hundred people you don't know! Just to make it interesting, let's say that the environment is pro-sex and highly charged. To make it really weird, the laws of Nature were written by Warner Brothers animation studios, on a day when they had gotten a hold of really good drugs.

Gravity is selective. Remember Bugs Bunny's ability to conveniently pull that stick of Acme dynamite out at the best moments? Handcuffs, velcro, whips, cans of paint, all appear at will.

Another user, God, appears in the conference. Him I'm not crazy about. He says something vile and unrepeatable to me, flaming my sexual orientation. I velcro him to the wall, zap the living shinola out of him a few times, and handcuff him to the bed. Leila shows up in the conference. She and I have been flirting back and forth for a couple of weeks now. Winking, smiling, hugging, and smooching with each other on sight. She announces that she is thinking those slut-puppy thoughts about me again, and I reciprocate. She undresses me and velcroes me to the wall. She oils her whip, traces it across my virtual back and invites me into a private chat.

If teleconferences are huge parties, then private chats are those moments when you and Ms./Mr. Right-For-Now step outside to enjoy the view. We go into the private conference room and begin the small talk dance. Neither one wanting to make the first embarrassing move—see how real virtual life is? She begins by describing to me her body, short, boxy, muscular. I begin creating her next to me in my mind. I describe my body to her. I watch her words appearing l-e-t-t-e-r b-y l-e-t-t-e-r on my screen. She has me pinned to the floor, she's poured champagne on my breasts, and put whipped cream on



my pubic hair. By now, I'm starting to get really hot! I can almost feel the heat of her breath, the soft curves of her body.

My mind, if suitably fed, can create incredibly realistic visions. She feeds my mind with carefully worded descriptions of how hungrily she licks the whipped cream off of me. How inspired it makes her. I'm having a harder time typing now. I haven't done "hunt 'n peck" since high school! If I were actually in the room with this woman, whoever she is in real life, I would probably be hanging from the chandeliers now. She describes my earth-shattering climax to me, and then it is my turn to inspire her.

I begin where she left off. Basking in virtual afterglow, I turn her over and begin describing the long nibbles I give her neck. Moving down the screen, and her virtual body, I suck her breasts, and begin pressing her body's buttons. She is typing back at me, slowly. Her words encouraging me along. Telling me her boundaries, her wants, what she wants and needs from a physical partner. She climaxes, spelling out one long, continuous "yessssssss" across the screen. Then she describes curling up next to me by a virtual fire.

We have been at it for over an hour I discover when I check my on-line clock. We exchange more personal information, then pop out of our private chat, reentering the main conference. People give us knowing acknowledgment. Someone sends me a whisper—a line of text seen only by the recipient—asking me if I had a good time. It is one of my friends, but I don't cyber kiss and tell so I just send them a smiley :) and get on with the conference.

It's getting close to time for me to rejoin the physical world. I begin saying my good-byes to the party. Some of these people I will see tomorrow, or later that evening on-line. Some I have plans with later in the week, real meeting in the "meat." I present everyone with a single perfect rose, undress them all, velcro them to the wall, tickle them, and shower them with flower petals. I log-off the computer system with a couple of quick keystrokes and I am back in my more mundane self. Somewhat changed for the experience. My real-world sexuality stretched as I thought of my fantasies—and shared them with a total stranger.

It's just another average day in the life of a Net-queer. Presenting you with a single perfect rose, Lady Fractal velcroes you to the wall while you're looking and . . .

<logoff>

Until next time, I remain the Gadfly Bi.

A.J. Davis . . . Lesbian/Lover/Sister/Daughter/Writer/Human. My opinions aren't my own . . . I channel them from a 15,000-year-old spirit, my own personal cosmic bubula.



# IMMIGRANT BASHING AND US . . .

by Robert Bray

## TAKING IT PERSONALLY

The police lights of the border patrol cruiser lit up the inside of my father's car. Pancho, as his family calls him, knew why he was being stopped on this long stretch of desert highway between Nogales, Mexico, and Tucson, Arizona. "Migra," he cursed to himself.

My dad, an American citizen, is of Mexican descent. He comes from a long family line possibly traceable back to Pancho Villa himself. Unlike me, who has more of my Italian/German mother's features, my dad looks Mexican. And in the eyes of U.S. Immigration officials that means he looks "illegal". So the migra—slang for border cop—pulled him.

A lot more folks besides my dad are being stopped these days. In the wake of the passage of California's Proposition 187, the wave of immigrant bashing is now deeper and higher than ever across the country. Communities are being divided. Neighbors are being viewed suspiciously. And political rhetoric against the "other"—a label bisexuals, gays, lesbians and transgenders are quite familiar with—is intensifying as an anxiety-ridden nation searches for scapegoats and easy solutions.

Indeed, there are strong connections between the current immigrant bashing and bi- and gay bashing that plagues the United States. And consider the role the Far Right has in this xenophobic attack—the same forces that back homophobic and biphobic initiatives in Oregon, Colorado and elsewhere.

First of all, the simple fact is that many undocumented immigrants and those seeking asylum are bisexual, transgender, lesbian or gay. Last year's Stonewall 25 International March on the United Nations highlighted the fact that we are of all nationalities and colors.

Furthermore, the Far Right uses many of the similar tactics against immigrants as it does against queers. For example, the concept of "protected rights" is intentionally defined in a narrow way. We are not a rightful minority and immigrants aren't American so neither should have protection, say the fundamentalists. We are demonized as a threat to traditional family values. Immigrants are scapegoated as a threat to our economic security.

The Radical Right aims to institutionalize discrimination against us in the form of Colorado-

style initiatives. It targets immigrants with laws that discriminate against foreigners and even their U.S. born children.

Scapegoating and bashing nurture an environment of harassment and violence. This makes us think twice about coming out as queer. It makes undocumented immigrants fearful of coming forward for help even in times of emergency.

Proposition 187 also reflects a fear linked with racism. The majority of immigrants now in the U.S. are, in fact, European. But the current immigrant bashing spree directs suspicion primarily toward Latinos and Asians.

Recently an official who works for an immigrants' rights organization helped me understand the issue in a broader context. "The Far Right has been influential in altering political and ideological culture in this country so

people are fairly accepting of intolerance," she said. "They've made it easier for people to rationalize discrimination, to morally and legally justify it against immigrants or gays, lesbians and bisexuals."

The current battles against immigrants and against civil rights for bisexuals, gays, lesbians and transgender people pose a critical question about our country: Will our democracy expand to provide rights to an increasingly recognized diverse population, or will it contract to limit rights to a few?

We must work in alliance with people of color, immigrants and other groups to expose the broader, repressive agenda of the Far Right—an agenda that attacks basic civil, human, labor, economic and reproductive rights. We must understand the connections between these oppressions and the way they tear apart our society.

In a nation more concerned with building prisons and fences than with building community, we must pour a stronger civil rights foundation for all. Then we can build a solid united front against intolerance that will result in a more inclusive democracy.

Robert Bray is a long-time organizer and press spokesperson with the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force. He recently conducted a media workshop for BiNet USA and is working with the organization to increase bi information and visibility in the press. Reach him on-line at [rbrnglft@aol.com](mailto:rbrnglft@aol.com) or at (415)552-6448.

**Will our democracy expand to provide rights to an increasingly recognized diverse population, or will it contract to limit rights to a few?**

### National Immigration Forum

(202)544-0004

220 I Street, NE, #220

Washington, D.C., 20002-4362

For information on immigration issues and advocacy.

### International Gay & Lesbian Human Rights Commission

(415)255-8680

1360 Mission Street, #200

San Francisco, CA, 94103

For information on gay, lesbian and bisexual political asylum issues.

### National Gay and Lesbian Task Force

2320 17th St. NW

Washington, D.C. 20009

To find out how to get involved in fighting the Right.



# SUBCOMMANDER MARCOS IS MORE THAN JUST GAY

In April *The San Francisco Chronicle* quoted Subcommander Marcos, voice of the Zapatista Revolutionaries in Chiapas, Mexico, as saying that he had worked in a San Francisco restaurant but had been fired for being gay. The pro-government Mexican press cried scandal—a queer revolutionary? The Zapatistas responded with the following communiqué:

“About whether Marcos is homosexual:

“Marcos is gay in San Francisco, black in South Africa, an Asian in Europe, a Chicano in San Ysidro, an anarchist in Spain, a Palestinian in Israel, a Mayan Indian in the streets of San Cristobal, a gang member in Neza [a huge Mexico City slum], a rocker in the National University [a folk music citadel], a Jew in Germany, an ombudsman in the Defense Ministry, a communist in the post-Cold War era, an artist without gallery or portfolio . . .

“A pacifist in Bosnia, a housewife alone on Saturday night in any neighborhood in any city in Mexico, a striker in the CTM [the giant pro-government union federation, which virtually never authorizes strikes], a reporter writing filler stories for the back pages, a single woman on the metro at 10 p.m., a peasant without land, an unemployed worker . . . an unhappy student, a dissident amid free-market economics, a writer without books or readers, and, of course, a Zapatista in the mountains of southeast Mexico.

“So Marcos is a human being, any human being, in this world. Marcos is all the exploited, marginalized, and oppressed minorities, resisting and saying, “Enough!”

## Maggi Rubenstein

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—Dignity/USA Statement of Position and Purpose

We talk the talk, and I'm the one who makes sure we walk the walk. I'm Steve Getman, part-time activist, full-time bisexual, and Operations Director of Dignity/USA. Contact me to find out more about Dignity's prophetic role in the world and in your community.

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# TETATÚD Y TUCSON

by Laura M. Perez

A fierce Latina butch i know, in the spare time she has between bedding different beautiful women, told me about a retreat for queer Latinas which was bi-inclusive. Wow, i said, that takes some attitude to make that space. "No," she explained. "Tetatúd—actitud con tetas (attitude with tits)," is "a sex-positive retreat for lesbianas y bisexuales Latinas." Held in Geyserville, California, September 10–11, the retreat was sponsored by Proyecto ContraSIDA Por Vida, a San Francisco-based agency providing HIV prevention services to Latina/o gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender communities.

Many of the 36 attendees described the need for the space Tetatúd created to talk about our similarities and our differences as mujeres bisexuales y lesbianas as well as Latinas from different places of origin such as Mexico, Sur America, Centro America, el Caribe y España. The biggest piece of connection for many of us was breaking down the barriers, isolation, and vergüenza we feel as Latinas, as queer Latinas, just talking about sex. Yes, there were those of us who were supposedly over it, and could talk openly about sex, but many if not most of us were raised in cultures which silenced discussions about sex and our sexuality as mujeres. In this combination of religion, fear, tradition, and ignorance, to even be at this retreat talking about fucking women, or more radically fucking men and women, made me, and others no doubt, feel as if i was caught masturbating by my strict Catholic community. Dozens of them. Teachers, friends, mom, mamita—all bursting into my room to see me enthusiastically getting off. Talking openly about our herstories as queer Latinas, our bodies, and our sex, was key to helping heal our shame.

This healing couldn't have happened if i hadn't felt so safe. i was clearly welcome as a bi Latina because of the inclusive language used in the outreach literature. Also, bisexual Latinas were very visible with over half a dozen of us out and about. When one of the retreat's participants asked everyone how we would feel about including bi Latinas in future safer sex campaigns, it seemed like a ridiculous question because bi inclusivity was a given after all the work put in by the organizers. When asked how a bi Latina would be portrayed in safer sex ads ("Both a man and a woman? Simultaneously or separately?"), it was wonderful to see lesbianas speaking as allies to bi Latinas. Amazingly, lesbians challenged the stereotypes about bisexuals by explaining how putting a bi woman with a woman and a man in the same picture feeds into the myth that we must have all genders all the time to be bi and happy.

A completely different experience than an intimate retreat was the large herstorical conference i attended in Tucson, "Adelante

con Nuestra Vision." It had many of the pieces needed for a good conference, such as the Leadership Institute, a *conocimiento*, good workshop sessions, a cultural evening, dance, and next steps planning session, except it was missing bisexual space. There was no mention of bisexual Latinas in the outreach literature, nor was there any space to discuss bisexuality in the planned agenda. At the conferencia with over 150 mujeres from all over the country in attendance, i discovered that Lesbianas Latinas de Tucson had gone through a structured process to determine that their organization would not be bi inclusive. So, it seemed that "the bi question" was not one the conference wanted to touch.

Although i was absolutely terrified to do so, i brought up the bi issue more than once in small group, large group and private discussions. Most mujeres were generally accepting of me and the questions bisexuality raises, but others dismissed bisexuality as the usually incorrect and stereotypical period of confusion around one's sexuality. i learned once again from some women that they had been "burned" in relationships with women who had "left them for a man." Because of heterosexism and the privileges accorded to the straight, it's understandable that some lesbians would focus on the gender of the other person and begin to ask questions such as "How can i ever compete with a man?" or "Aren't you really just straight?" The reality, which was difficult for me to speak in a hostile environment, is that women (both bi and lesbian) leave relationships with women for any number of reasons, most likely for issues within those relationships. Several women thanked me for my bravery in speaking out about bi stuff and shared how they, too, felt the importance of inclusion of all queer Latina sisters in the hard work ahead. This support definitely made me glad I faced my fear of biphobic reactions, or I would never have found the allies i did.

Both the intimate retreat and the larger conference were made up of jotas, putas, marimachas, tortilleras, bicicletas y mariconas. Tetatúd was community building for me, while Adelante was useful in my growth as an activist. Despite the obstacles we face as queer Latinas, especially with invisibility, the most important thing was that we got to see each other and recharge ourselves to continue our activist work.

Laura M. Perez is a Latina bi activist recently relocated from Boston to San Francisco (both are home). She is on the organizing committee of Gente Latina de Ambiente (GE LA AM), the board of the Latina/o Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Organization of CA (LLEGO California), and one of the new national co-coordinators of the BINET USA.

bicicletas: bisexuals, usually derogatory  
Centro America: Central America  
conferencia: conference  
conocimiento: a go 'round,  
get-to-know-you group  
el Caribe: The Caribbean  
España: Spain  
jotas: female version of "faggots",  
usually derogatory  
mariconas: females version of "faggots",  
usually derogatory  
marimachas: butches, roughly translated  
mujeres: women  
putas: whores or hitches, word being  
reclaimed by some mujeres Latinas  
Sur America: South America  
tortilleras: lesbians and/ or bisexual women,  
usually derogatory  
vergüenza: shame



# REVIEW

## THE VERY INSIDE

Sharon Lim-Hing, Editor

Reviewed by Cianna Stewart

"I wanted to include these women [bisexuals], queer companions and sister resisters to compulsory heterosex...

If it is true that bisexuals bring ambiguity to our midst, let us welcome this questioning in all of us,

for rigidity often results in sickness or death."

The struggles within the bisexual/lesbian/gay Asian/Pacific Islander communities do not rest with the inclusion of bi and trans folks.

It has long been true that the Asian-American communities (be they kweer or otherwise) are generally dominated by people of East Asian descent. The drive for inclusion has led many organizations to change their names from "Asian" to "Asian/Pacific Islander," and to reach out to South Asian and Southeast Asian communities. Efforts at inclusion are never easy, and we have found that our communities face very different issues and stereotypes.

There are also common issues around having immigrant/non-immigrant status, histories of immigration-by-force/immigration-for-survival/immigration-by-choice, adoption concerns, language barriers between parents and children (and activists) which affect things like "coming out," and the familiar bi/lesbian conflicts.

It's easy to see why, after starting with a vision of "unifying" these communities, Sharon Lim-Hing wrote, "In four years, I have come to a better understanding of the complex, perhaps impossible promise of such a grouping."

Given that women of color generally have a hard time getting published, and that *The Very Inside* is the first major anthology of A/PI lesbian and bisexual women's writing, this book is a necessity for all of us to have and to read. Take away all considerations, and you will still hold in your hands a lot of good writing, some valuable history and information, and not your usual hit-and-miss anthology.

In a community that has difficulty facing and/or talking about its differences, Lim-Hing has managed to create a collection that raises many issues and is unapologetically challenging. It is clear that she took several years to compile this work, and that Lim-Hing worked together with many other women to be sure it was truly inclusive, to find new work, and to keep from tokenizing any of the writers/communities who are included. The writers represent a wide range of ethnicities, backgrounds, and ages. There are also a good number of bi writers.

Like most other "lesbian/bi/gay" anthologies, the works primarily deal with personal identity, either as it exists now, or in its development, as well as the struggles around creating a community identity. The difference is that these women talk about how these issues interact with and are affected by such things as immigration status, a lack of identification with the general lesbian (read: white) community, colonialism, and war.

Self-identity questions are not exclusive to sexuality, but also address conflicts around identifying with the terms "Asian" or "Pacific Islander," or "American" or "Canadian." A few of the writers are mixed race, and some have been adopted by white parents. Others address identity in relation to loss of language, generational/cultural differences, the stereotypes of A/PI women, exoticizing their parents'/ancestral homelands, and living in a white-dominated society.

Many of the women write about their families, often including some of the cultural differences between themselves and their parents, grandparents, or even cousins and older siblings. Struggles for acceptance in the family are in relation to sexuality, race, and/or culture, and are exacerbated by language conflicts and their own Westernization. Some write about their ancestors, grandparents, and parents own struggle for survival/identity.

Of course, there is also a fair amount of love, sex, and one "introduction to safer sex/coming out" story.

There are histories of the movement and of events. White readers are challenged to face racism, exoticism, tokenism. Asian readers are challenged to learn more about the issues of the Pacific Islanders and East Asian colonialism. All readers are challenged to take up the complex issues of the Hawaiian peoples with regards to their state/homeland, and to learn more about breast cancer, immigration issues, mixed heritage issues. All are challenged to deal with incest, sexism, domestic violence.

All readers will be challenged. And some of those challenges will be hard.

And this is a good thing, and certainly should be expected. As one woman so clearly puts it, "Unity comes not from uniformity but from accepting the fucking fact that individually we have been shaped by a unique combination of experiences and as a result we're bound to piss each other off."

Just read this book.

<sup>1</sup> Introduction. All quotes are from *The Very Inside*, Pub. Sister Vision Press, 1994.

<sup>2</sup> Sharon Lim-Hing, Introduction.

<sup>3</sup> Patrice Leung, *A Letter to Female Homosexuals*.

Cianna Pamintuan Stewart is a mestiza Filipina/British Islander-American mutt, who consistently checks off as many boxes as apply, and was recently told that she and her brother fit into the confusing term "1.5 generation."





# LOREN CAMERON:

Hang out for half an hour with Loren Cameron and you'll swear somebody turned up the furnace when you weren't looking. This guy is hot—and not just in the obvious ways suggested by his compact body-builder's physique with its dramatic tattoos.

Cameron wants to talk about some pictures. He creates a sense of barely contained urgency when he speaks, choosing his words carefully, his voice quiet but intense. His body language sustains the effect—outwardly calm and relaxed, but poised for sudden, powerful motion. A thought flashes across his eyes and he springs forward to the edge of his chair, then pauses and reflects a moment before telling you what's on his mind. Whatever it is, it matters.

"I don't know much about the history and theory of visual art," he begins. "The only way I have of expressing what my photographs mean to me is in terms of images and feelings. The work touches on all my deepest things, the things that are pre-verbal, the things that make me cry when I think about them. These photographs come from the same place in me that used to make me sneak away from work to watch documentary films about the Great Depression whenever they would be shown at the college campus. I have the same feelings for these photos that I have for the animals at pet shelters where I've worked. Seeing them is like reading about the suffrage movement when women would die for their cause, or learning about black people throwing off their bondage. For me, taking these pictures was like marching in the street with a big red banner. I feel like I'm championing something. I feel like I'm part of a ground-swell of downtrodden people rising up."

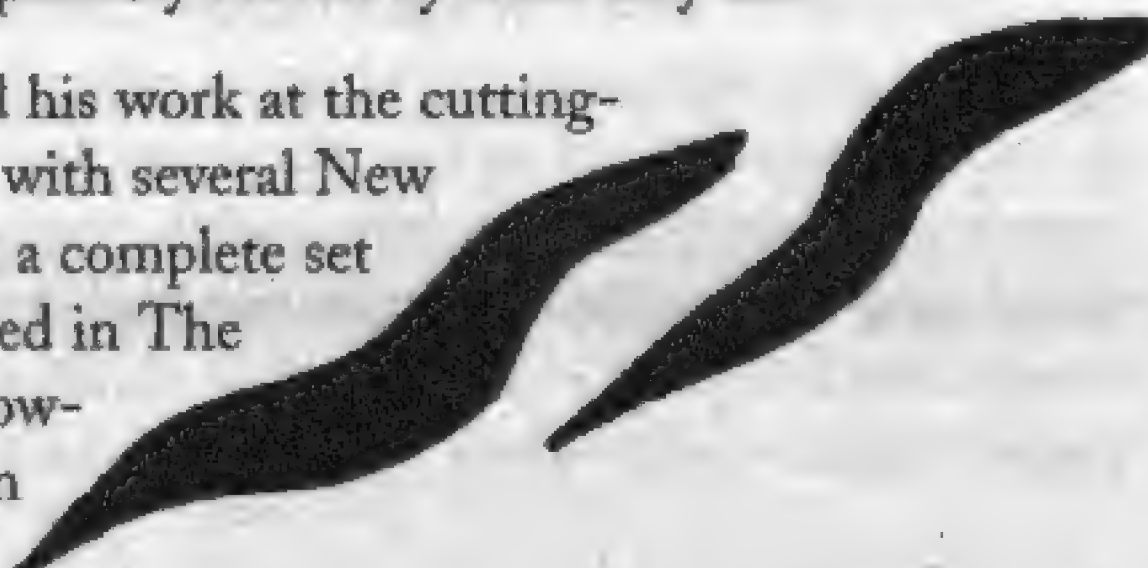
Take a look at his pictures and you see why he's so passionate. Cameron has produced an unprecedented body of work documenting the Bay Area's transsexual community. He depicts genital surgeries bluntly—but he pointedly situates the graphic images of altered flesh in the context of the lives led by his subjects. As a result, Cameron's viewers catch a glimpse of a transsexual world that few outsiders have ever seen. The work is raw; it's technically naive; it's not high art. But it's riveting stuff. This is what it must have been like to stumble upon The Clash thrashing through a few riffs in some nameless London squat in '76. Maybe all the elements haven't congealed yet—but the sheer power, the uncompromising style, the utter sincerity, are all there in the mix. Cameron has the look and feel of a man headed for bigger things.

Loren Cameron photographs transsexuals like nobody has photographed transsexuals before—probably because he's one himself and brings a sensitive, sophisticated insider's eye to his subject matter. Cameron, now 35, was a 20-year-old baby dyke when he came to San Francisco from rural Arkansas in 1979. He'd been questioning his gender identity and sexual orientation for eight years by then, but still hadn't found anything that fit comfortably. Cameron bounced around the Bay Area's lesbian community until 1987, when he finally decided that what he'd been calling "butch" could be more accurately described as "male." After seven years of testosterone injections and a double mastectomy, Cameron is still happy with the choice he made. He's looking forward to genital surgery as soon as his budget allows.

Cameron produced his collection of transsexual portraits and nudes in the spring of 1993, but the seed for the work had been planted back in 1991, when he posed for photographs to accompany an article on female-to-male transsexuality by Marcy Sheiner in *On Our Backs*. Dissatisfied with the way the shots turned out, Cameron couldn't shake the nagging feeling that he could do better photographic work himself—but first he'd have to learn how to use a camera. "When I started, I didn't even know what an f-stop was," Cameron confides. "I got a feel for composition and style by shooting my dog about 300 times." He then spent months networking his way through the transsexual underground, shutter clicking furiously all the while. It took another year for Cameron to get his work exhibited, but "Our Vision, Our Voices: Transsexual Portraits and Nudes" eventually opened May 2, 1994 at San Francisco's 848 Divisadero Community Art Space.

The opening-night reception for Cameron's exhibition was a standing-room-only affair. The transsexual community turned out en masse to celebrate and show its support, but the exhibit also broke through to a much wider audience. "I was thrilled with the response my work received, with how many people turned out to see the show, with how I could see it affecting people," Cameron said. "A lot of transsexual people were there, but there were many nontranssexuals as well, people who had seen the show advertised in the alternative weekly press and were simply curious—but who went away unexpectedly moved by what they saw."

The show at 848 has been a launching pad for Cameron, who has since booked his work at the cutting-edge Highways performance gallery in Santa Monica. He's involved in negotiations with several New York galleries. A photography professor at the Chicago Art Institute recently bought a complete set of Cameron's slides and lectured about him at a national arts conference. He's appeared in *The New Yorker*. And a book of his photographs is in the works. Catch Cameron's art however you can—but remember to dress lightly. The temperature goes up when you're in Cameron's vicinity. This guy is hot.





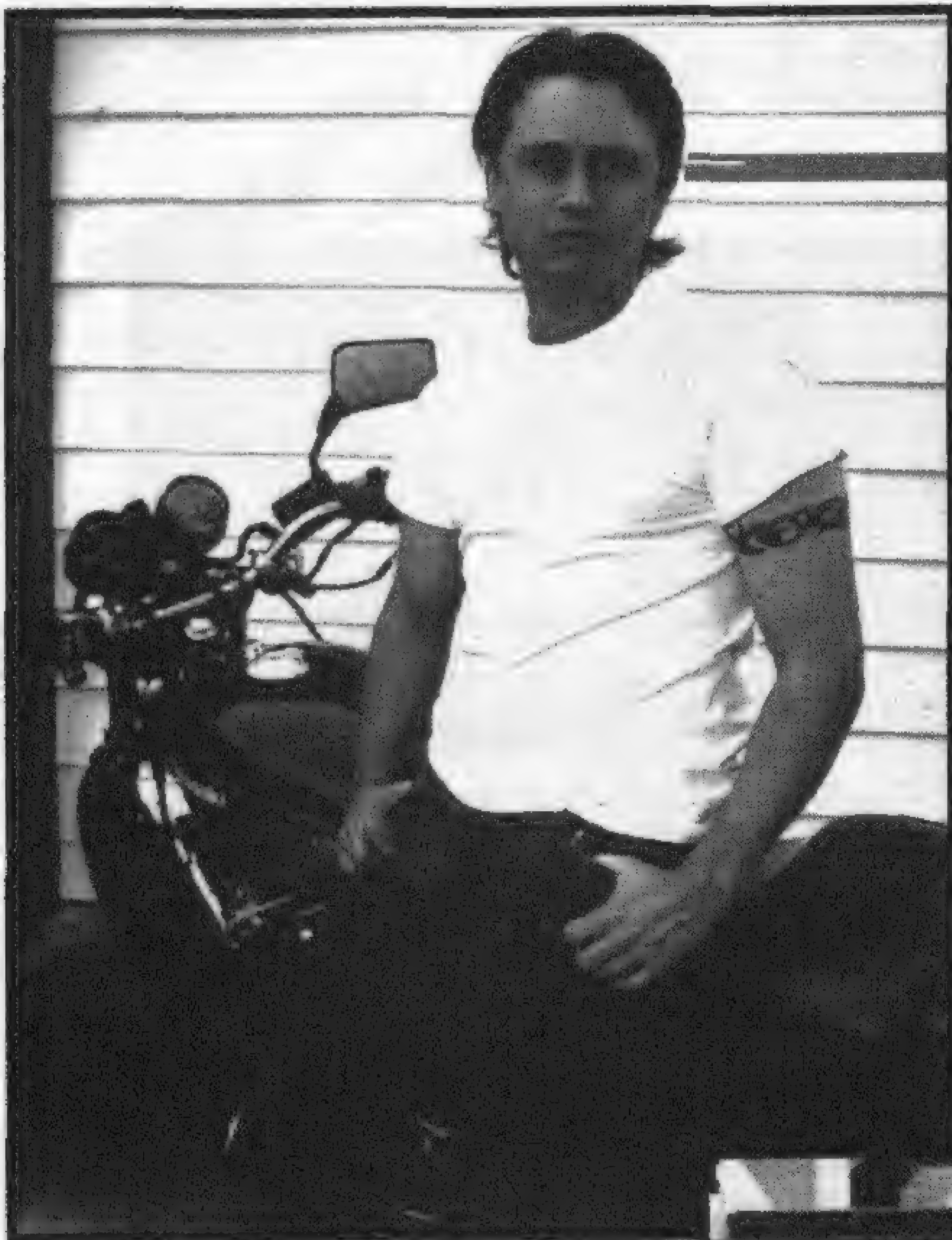


*Loren Cameron*

# **THIS GUY IS HOT**

by Susan Stryker



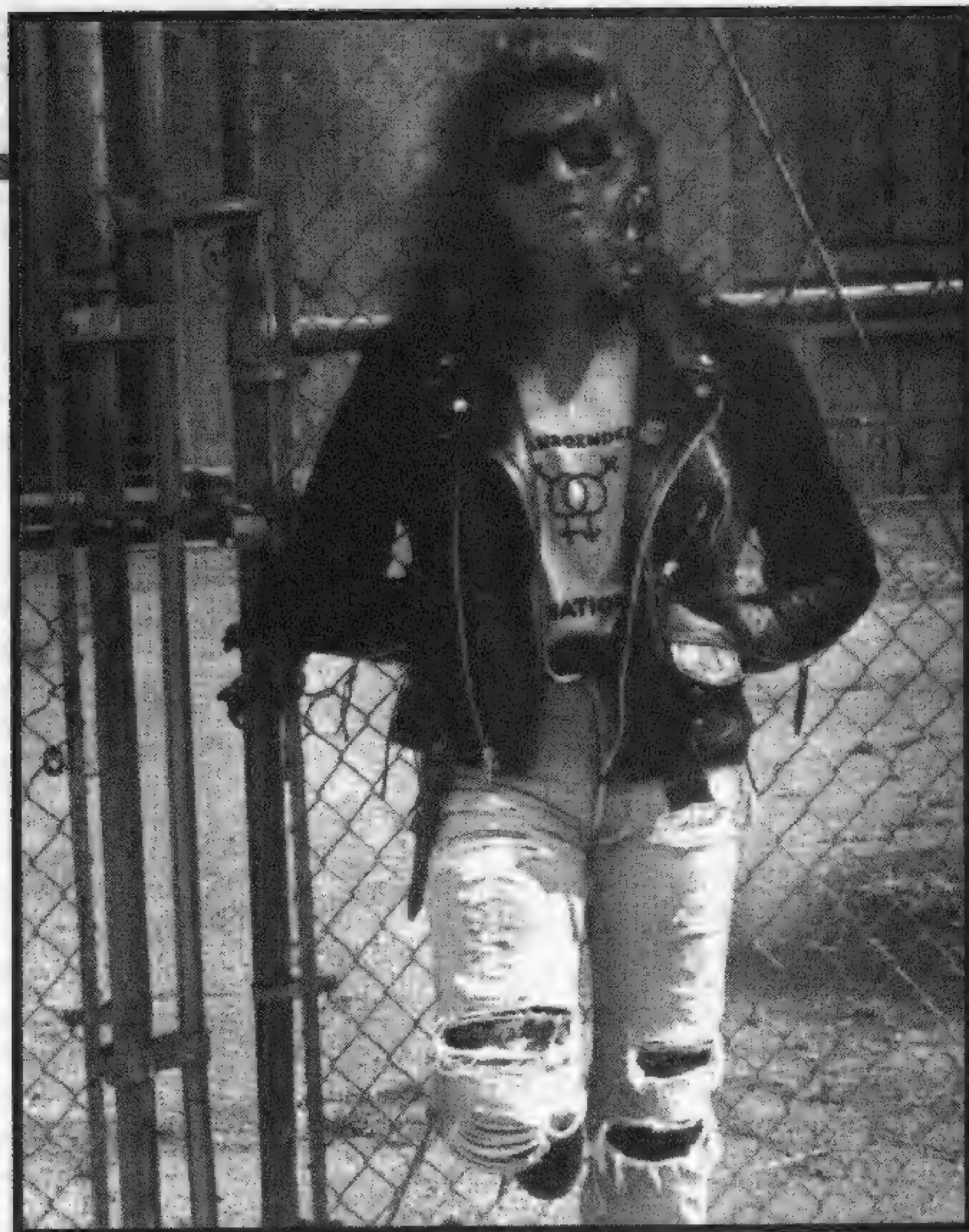


Eric

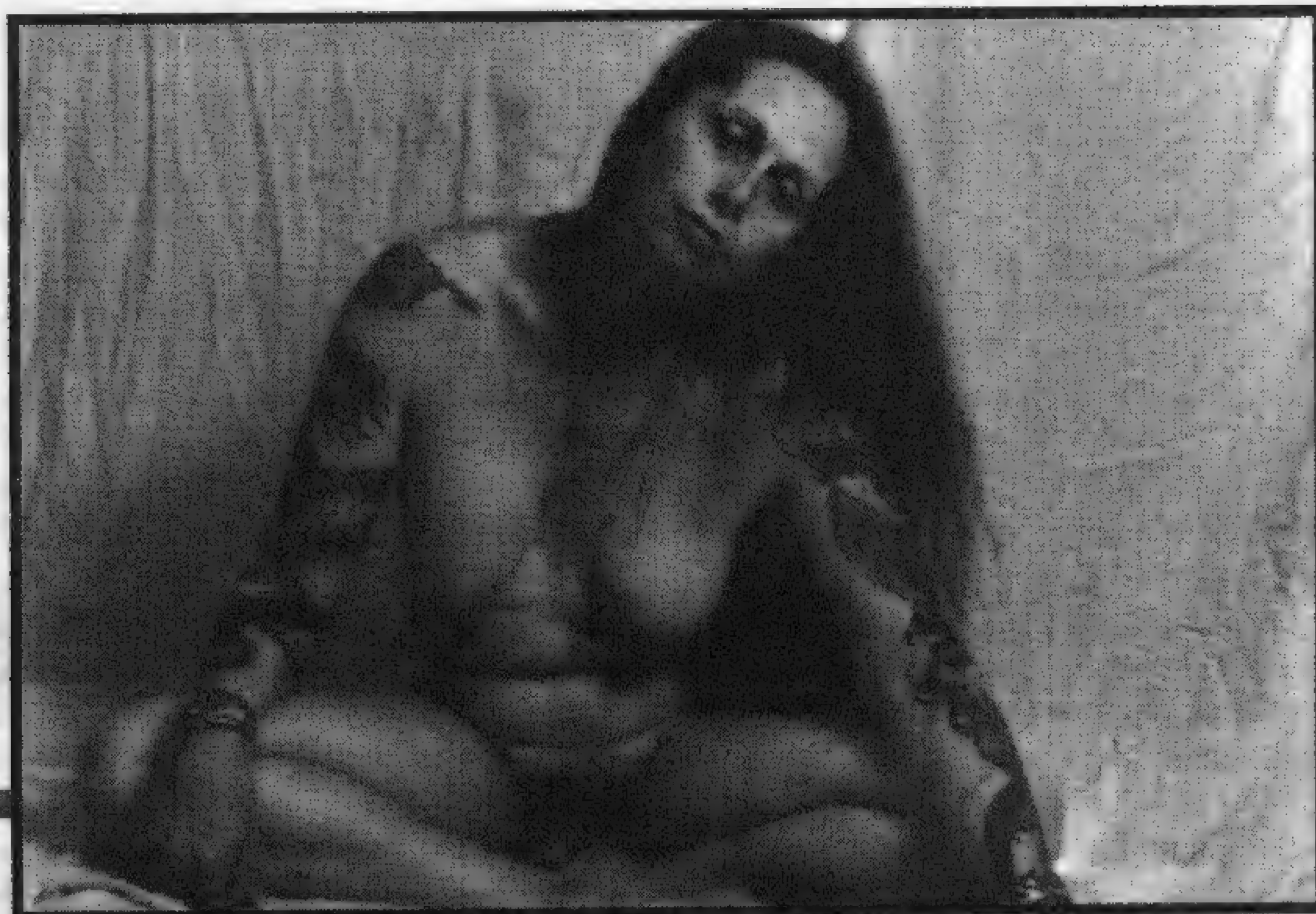


Anne Ogborn





*Susan Stryker*



*Tala Brandeis*



# Writing the Spaces— Describing the Moments

## THEORIZING BISEXUALITY: ONE POSSIBLE APPROACH

by Clare Hemmings

Bisexuality is not a theory. Trying to write one is nearly impossible, and being bi myself, I have an even harder time. Let's see . . . what are the available options? I could write from a platform of polymorphous perversity, I could wax lyrical about my potential, or if I'm feeling more up-to-date I could describe myself as a disruptive agent out to deconstruct the hetero/homo dichotomy. Well, the first two don't really appeal—I like to *think of myself as beyond redemption and certainly beyond potential*, and I don't find all inanimate objects sexually fascinating. As far as the postmodern cloak-and-dagger scenario goes, I'm more likely to fall over a bi-polar sexual opposition than I am to successfully deconstruct one (there have to be more interesting things to grope around in the dark for). A lot of bisexuals I know feel the same way about being bi or writing bi. You have some sense of what being bisexual means to you, but it doesn't match up to any of the biphobic stereotypes, or any of the attempts to describe or reclaim a bisexual identity from within the bi community either.<sup>1</sup>

So, in true bisexual style (whatever that means), I'm not happy living or writing my bisexuality as either fluidity or identity. I'm more interested in understanding bisexuality as a particular and changing set of positions, as a subjectivity both unique and similar to others'. That's great, Clare, but what does it mean? Again, the problem is how to theorize such an understanding. One possibility might be to do this in terms of spaces and moments. *Let me begin talking about this by relating two specific incidents that sparked this way of looking at the issue of bisexual subjectivities for me.*

I went to a conference, Organizing Sexualities, in Amsterdam in June 1994. The conference was organized to coincide with EuroPride. Amsterdam was buzzing, the streets were decked with pink triangles and banners, it was warm, and I was the only person giving a paper on bisexuality, and—as far as I was aware—the only bisexual delegate at the conference. One paper was on the young gay male spaces in Amsterdam that marked out a young gay identity. In the discussion after the

**Sometimes the most interesting pictures are the ones that didn't come out the way we wanted them to, the ones out of focus, and the inevitable person we never met who just happened to be in front of the lens.**

Disconcerting, then, is how I would describe the fact that to all intents and purposes I don't have a fixed sexual identity, but spend most of my time writing about and researching bisexuality. So it seems that I have two choices. I can understand my sexual positioning as 'fluid,' as always and ever 'in process,' or I can try and delineate an alternative identity as specifically bisexual. I don't find either of these choices adequate. To claim another identity is always doomed to exclusivity. Whatever common factors I come up with will never fully articulate all bisexuals' experiences and ontologies. And, for that matter, do we really want another identity to add to the proliferation already in existence? But if I decide to come down on the fluidity side, where does that take me? I would certainly agree that my sexuality isn't fixed, but I'm convinced that it's not totally fluid either. Like all subjectivities, a bisexual subjectivity is formed in particular contexts and as a result of particular events. To me, 'fluid' sounds too much as if it's not at all contained—it's just oozing directionless. To claim bisexuality as endlessly fluid, moreover, is self-defeating, in that it suggests that to describe it, let alone theorize it, is almost impossible.

paper, a general relationship between public and private spaces and gay and lesbian identities was tentatively articulated. At a certain point a delegate turned to me—as the holder of all bisexual wisdom—to ask what and where are bisexual spaces? While I was thinking about it, another delegate answered that both gay and straight spaces are bisexual spaces.

This raised a number of issues for me. To say that gay and straight spaces (clubs, restaurants, darkrooms, bars, etc.) are both bisexual spaces, is true in as much as bisexual people are part of those spaces. But in this discussion, "space" was being marked out as linked to identity, and in that sense those spaces could not be said to be bisexual. A bisexual identity cannot be said to be confirmed, re-affirmed, or created in straight, gay, or lesbian spaces, no more than a lesbian finds her lesbian self represented in a straight space. Bisexuals, gay men, and lesbians may find parts of themselves represented in straight spaces—for example, their love of a particular kind of food in a restaurant (straight space, I would say, unless designated otherwise). For me, not being able to identify a 'space' where bisexuals find themselves reflected back at them as it were, highlights the fact



that no one's identity is fully expressed in specific spaces. Sexual spaces are always a convergence of the particular, the unique, as well as the similar, and not just when a bisexual is there.

The second incident I want to relate took place in San Francisco recently. I met Lani Ka'ahumanu at Josie's Cabaret and Juice Joint for coffee, where we spent a couple of hours comparing experiences of the bi community. Lani told me a story of interrelationship between the bisexual and lesbian and gay communities in San Francisco through retelling the history of this particular cafe and performance spot. The place where some of the most famous queer artists got their introduction to their adoring public was managed by a bisexual, and bisexuals have always been involved in the continuance of this cafe/cabaret venue. The story of a particular place, in a particular town, at a particular moment (of all the juice joints, in all the places, in all the world . . .) is rich to overflowing with bisexual specificities.

Two very different occasions, sure. But, in relation to the first incident, bisexuality comes into contact with straight, lesbian and gay spaces and highlights the problems with seeing sexual identity as exclusively formed in and through communities, represented and consolidated in particular places. In relation to the second incident, the importance of analyzing those spaces from a bisexual perspective emerges. I would stress this importance for a number of difference reasons. Firstly, telling the stories of what are assumed to be straight, lesbian, or gay spaces or moments, provides much needed empirical data about the histories of bisexual people, their lives, and the ways in which we have negotiated spaces that have not been seen to 'belong' to us. Is the lack of bisexual spaces one reason for the lack of a clearly-defined bisexual identity? What connections can be drawn between the involvement of bisexuals in different straight, lesbian, and gay spaces (and, of course, the creation of the same)? To my mind, making the links between those moments, occasions, interventions, and negotiations is as much a part of a bisexual genealogy as documenting the first International Bisexual Conference.

My second reason for stressing this approach to theorizing is as a way of avoiding theorizing bisexuality in isolation. It is all too easy to write about sexual positioning as if lesbians, gay men, heterosexuals, and bisexuals live in self-contained bubbles, color-coded for simple recognition.<sup>1</sup> The reality and the experience is, of course, much more complicated than that. To begin to document that complexity from a bisexual perspective is one way of theorizing bisexuality without resorting to sexual labels that can be set in stone. What bisexuality means—as is evident in the two examples—is context specific. Those contexts and specificities have a relationship. A line could be drawn between them to highlight similarities, but that line does not form a smooth, cozy narrative.

Taking snapshots if you like—freezing a moment, delineating a space. And you rarely get out your holiday snapshots and show your (grudging) audience just one picture. No, you present them with a whole series of images—some repetitions, some amusing, and, of course, with some 'you had to be there.' And, to continue the metaphor, you also share these snapshots with other people who have been to those places, who might

even have been there with you. The picture doesn't pretend to tell the whole story, but serves to jog the memory, to prompt further recollection, to precede the stories we tell each other. Just take away the nostalgia snapshots usually induce, take away the boredom of being forced to witness other people's reminiscences, and you have an idea of the kind of bisexual genealogies I am interested in theorizing. Sometimes the most interesting pictures are the ones that didn't come out the way we wanted them to, the ones out of focus, and the inevitable person we never met who just happened to be in front of the lens. Instead of the linear coming-out story, we could begin to document a highly ironic, always eclectic, never-ending family album.

<sup>1</sup> I'm speaking here from a specifically British perspective, not having been in the U.S. long enough to comment on the situation here, though I'm sure there are overlaps.


<sup>2</sup> Again, I am not advocating the claiming of such an identity, but trying to find ways of explaining the historical and contemporary lack of one.

<sup>3</sup> The extent to which bisexuals have been involved in the creation of queer communities is often overlooked.

<sup>4</sup> By doing this, the issue of desire can be occluded. If bisexuals have desire for one another and for straight men and women, gay men and lesbians, that desire is part of a bisexual history.

Clare Hemmings is a graduate student in Women's Studies at the University of York, England. She is doing research for her thesis, "Bisexuality: a Feminist Genealogy", at the Five College Women's Studies Research Center, Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts. She is active in the Women's Movement in Britain, and co-runs Bi-Academic Intervention, a network for people researching bisexuality.

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TOONS, SHEEP THRILLS?  
ARTISTIC LICENTIOUSNESS  
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# Preaching to the Perverted

## Fluid Desire

Document produced by 10 (Indigenous Queers)

Bisexual Caucus at the American Association of Physicians for Human Rights/  
National HIV Prevention/Education Summit

Dallas, 1994

Erotophobia, the fear of the power of the erotic, has been and continues to be the source of our society's refusal to preach to the so-called perverted and to acknowledge the fluidity of our desires. This erotophobia eroticises and exoticises those who are perceived as Other—i.e. people of color, women, poor people, queers, etc.—and sets us up to be dominated, controlled and kept in neat categories.

Bisexuals blur boundaries and expose the failure of rigid category identity-based prevention and education strategies for combating HIV/AIDS. This far into this pandemic, why have not any HIV prevention and education strategies been developed for gay men who have sex with women or for bisexual men who have sex with women? Is this not reflective of our society's misogyny? Can we not develop ways in which men, gay, bisexual, or transgendered, take responsibility for doing this? We must not let women be put once again into the position of having to be solely responsible in this matter.

We, as out, kweer-identified bisexuals, need not be silenced by the fear of biphobia which says that we do not exist, that there is not really any such thing as bisexuality; that we are merely a stage, good enough to be "scapegoated," but not really worthy of being educated around HIV. The mere inclusion of the words "bisexual men" and/or "bisexual women" is not enough. And just as we have easily said "gay and bi men" without really taking into account the sexual realities of bisexual men and as we move now to recognize the vital importance of lesbian HIV issues, we need also to promote the particular sexual realities of bisexual women and see them reflected in HIV prevention and education strategies.

As bisexuals, we acknowledge the fact that in many of our people of color communities and elsewhere, we live in a world of fluid constructions of sexualities, desire and gender. There are many people out there who have sex with all genders, in varying relational configurations, but who do not necessarily identify with sexual identity politics. Their bodies matter, as do those of transgendered people, whose HIV issues are of vital concern to us as bisexuals. We appeal to lesbian and gay organizations to combat their own biphobia and transphobia, as well as joining us in the battle against these forms of oppression, for truly creative bisexual HIV prevention/education strategies might indeed be the key to prevention for the entire population.

Victor Raymond  
Laura Perez  
Elias Farajate-Jones  
Lani Ka'ahumanu



# Polymorphous Lit

by Carol Queen

I'm both a bisexual erotica writer, and a writer of bisexual erotica. These don't necessarily go hand in hand. What is bisexual erotic literature, anyway? Do the characters have to be bisexual? Should I include one same-sex and one other-sex episode per story? We have a rich literary history (even if it has yet to be canonized the way "lesbian and gay literature" has); think of Marco Vassi and Anais Nin, the sublimated gender-bending sexuality of Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*.

Still, writing from my sexual orientation presents challenges. I was working on the story that would become Chapter 1 of my novel-in-progress, *The Leather Daddy and the Femme*, in which cross-dressing bisexual protagonist Miranda picks up a gay leather daddy. I told my staunchly lesbian-identified ex, Natalie, that I was nervous about letting the story out into the world because I feared the lesbian/gay community would take my appropriation of gay male leather sexuality badly; after all, the daddy, Jack, fucks Miranda even after he figures out she's a woman. I said I was worried that the story would seem too heterosexual to the queer community. Dear, supportive Natalie. "Sounds pretty heterosexual to me!" she snapped.

When I was a dyke it was considered inappropriate to read and appreciate any but lesbian erotica. I just knew, as I sneaked my gay friend's smut books home to jerk off to, that I was doing my lesbian identity great harm—getting turned on by penises? (Big penises, yet.)


Well, now you know how long I'd been incubating Jack in my fantasy subconscious. But bringing him and

Miranda out of that closet now seems completely appropriate. In the 90s we're seeing collections of erotic stories that don't all share a single sexual orientation. Am I the only one who thinks it's a very bisexual phenomenon that erotic anthologies are coming into print between whose covers you can find lesbian, gay male, heterosexual female, heterosexual male, bisexual, solo-sexual, and many other varieties of erotic experience? That these are all in the same book implies something I find rather radical: the individual reader, no matter what gender and sexual orientation, is invited to read and enjoy all of it.

Susie Bright is the biggest, and best-known, pioneer of this approach. First with her woman-authored *Herotica* series, now with the annual *Best American Erotica* volumes, Susie throws sexual variation into the mix and presumes the sophisticated sexual consumer will appreciate everything. The 'zine scene was modeling polymorphous diversity at least as early as that. Now the big publishing houses are offering us derivatives of the on-the-edge sexual culture they'd have run screaming from ten years ago.

This is not simply a phenomenon of developing bisexual culture, of course—other influences include post-AIDS sexual discourse and advances in the fight against homophobia. We may be the greatest beneficiaries, though, as it begins to seem less unusual for the erotic imagination to freely roam the range—and as we're presented with more and more hot books to read.

Carol Queen is a sex educator and writer. Her book *Exhibitionism for the Shy* will be coming out in June from Down There Press. Carol is also a hot babe who knows how to wield a dildo.



"Imagine if you will, a Playboy for dykes."

—Xtra West, Vancouver

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# WHAT YOUR MOTHER NEVER TOLD YOU

## The [w]Hole Story

Dear Auntie Margo,

My lover Jake (who's bi) and I have been together for six months. We use condoms though both of us tested HIV negative three months ago, and plan to get tested again in six months. I'm his first female partner and we have great sex together. However, his problem is that he can't come inside me and I really want him to. I miss that throbbing orgasm feeling. After we have sex (intercourse) for a while, he pulls out and then comes with his hand. He had four male partners in the past and says he has come with active anal intercourse and that the "tightness" of the anus or his hand is what gets him off and that's o.k. with him. He says there's nothing wrong with me—he doesn't think any woman's vagina would be tight enough for him to come. We're talking about a monogamous commitment but I worry that I can't satisfy him. Is it common for bi men to come more easily with anal intercourse?

Theresa

Dear Theresa,

I haven't heard that this is so. However, what your mother never told you is that anal and vaginal intercourse are different and people have individual preferences. (Are there some male readers who want to respond?)

I want to comment on some other aspects of your letter. You say it's "his" problem, yet he's o.k. with the situation; you're the one who wants him to change. It's much easier to work on a sexual concern when both people in the relationship agree to do so.

Some ideas to consider are:

- Don't worry that you can't "satisfy" him. We're responsible for our own orgasms.
- Relax. It will help take the pressure off the situation.
- Practice your vaginal squeezing exercises to keep your muscle toned up.
- When he masturbates, find some fun ways to participate.
- When he's ready to come, jump on top and he may come inside you.
- He could sensitize himself more with fantasy.
- Are you willing to try anal sex? If so, go slow and easy at first, with a condom and lots of lubrication.

Keep your communication going and see if you both want to change your situation.

Auntie Margo



## Multi-Orgasmic Men

Lately I've been lurking on the Internet and thought you'd enjoy some insights that various users have posted regarding multiple and extended orgasms in men. I'd love to hear from readers on this. Men who haven't had the experience tend to believe it doesn't exist. But what really constitutes an "orgasm"? Ejaculation? Spasms? A joyous feeling? A warm glow? Loss of control? Please write and share your experiences and thoughts.

— Uncle Bill

—ooh!—

"I find I can coax multiple orgasms to some extent through breathing. Often, if I focus on relaxing my neck and slowing my breathing right before I cum, one of two things occurs: (1) I can experience an orgasmic warmth without actually cumming; or (2) I have a full-body orgasm that lasts up to several minutes, much like Annie Sprinkle's famous five-minute orgasm in her *Sluts and Goddesses* video. I have orgasmic spasms which gradually decrease in intensity. An attuned partner can touch me almost anywhere during this period, and I'll go off into more intense spasms all over again."

"I noticed about twelve years ago that sometimes I would get right to the edge of orgasm and pull back from it because I wanted it to last. This often resulted in a 'half-gasm,' whereby a small amount of cum would spill out of my dick (I do not 'pre-cum'), but I would remain hard, though usually very sensitive, and I sometimes rubbed the cum on my shaft to bring me to a full orgasm a couple of minutes later. Occasionally I extended a chain of these 'half-gasms' over a ten-minute period. Fun!"

"I have had multi-orgasmic experiences alone and with a wide range of male and female partners and over a long period of time. The longer I've been building toward a climax, the more likely they are to occur. But they are unpredictable and quirky, and I wouldn't have it any other way. I'd hate for them to become 'routine,' yet they are definitely an important part of my sex magic."



"My nipples are also very sensitive and I definitely have 'nipple-gasms' sometimes, too."

—aah!—

"If the area between the balls and anus is pressed, quite hard, during orgasm, the semen will discharge into the bladder rather than exiting through the urethra. I don't like this sensation at all! It does allow for a second and third orgasm for many men."

—ob!—

"I have them all the time. My Master will many times fuck me for three or more hours at a time. I generally cum between his first and second orgasm; our subsequent cums are in sync and about ten to twenty minutes apart. By the time we reach the sixth or eighth, we end up in an almost constant orgasmic state of total full body orgasms which can last for half an hour or more."

"There are many books on tantric yoga technique, and it is fairly simple to learn and to practice. I found that what really helped was my total submission to my Master. Neither of us have experienced anything similar in relationships that were other than Master/slave."

—unnbb!—

"I've experienced multiple orgasms many times during fisting. Sometimes an ejaculatory orgasm, sometimes an anal or prostate orgasm, and frequently a whole body orgasm that can last from five to twenty minutes, or any combination of all three. Incredible doesn't begin to describe."

—wow!—

"They aren't rare, and they certainly aren't impossible. I'm not male, but I've been through a similar process. When I was younger, it took me a long time to cum, and when I did, it was primarily through physical sensation. At some point, I'm not sure how exactly, I learned how to turn myself on mentally and emotionally, and cumming became much easier. That is, if I'm with someone with whom I feel that connection, if the chemistry is right, it almost doesn't matter what the person does. If it isn't, no matter how much they try and with what good intentions, I may not cum. In my experience, the most difficult part is for the participants to understand the distinction between 'cumming' and 'ejaculating,' and to learn to separate those sensations, and then to learn what sensations allow one to cum without the ejaculation. Sometimes it involves redefining what 'cumming' is. It often involves learning the 'headspace' of cumming, so that one cums as much as, or more from, the mental and emotional experience as from the physical."

"What helped me is, oddly enough, learning to 'fake it.' In my opinion, if you want to learn how to do something, pretend you already know, and act that way. I wanted to learn to cum more easily, so I pretended that I already did. If you pretend really, really well, then it can become indistinguishable from 'really' doing it—no matter what the activity. In my experience the most important step is that mental leap I mentioned."

*You are capable of orgasms throughout your entire being. Try out some of these ideas alone and with a partner. Don't expect too much at first, but be patient. We can't wait to hear the results . . .*

— Uncle Bill

What your mother probably never told you was that Auntie Margo & Uncle Bill are available to answer all your questions on sex, love, relationships, etc. Send them c/o BABN, 2404 California St. #24, SF, CA 94115. We will only use your initials or a pen name, so don't worry, your mother won't find out . . .

Auntie Margo (a.k.a Margo Rila, Ed. D.) is a sexologist, educator, and counselor. She is the Training Coordinator for San Francisco Sex Information; on the faculty of the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality; founding member of the Bi Center in San Francisco, and of BiTE (Coalition of Bisexual Therapists & Educators).

Uncle Bill (a.k.a. Bill Brent) edits and publishes two sex-oriented publications. Black Sheets is a bi-oriented 'zine for kinky, queer, intelligent, and irreverent folk. The Black Book is a 196-page, illustrated resource guide for the erotic explorer. Bill has also worked as a switchboard supervisor with San Francisco Sex Information.

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# No Girls Allowed

I first heard about the Mustang Ranch, a brothel in Nevada, a long, long time ago when I was about seventeen. I remember feeling curious and jealous. My boyfriend at the time cracked some joke about "The Ranch" to one of his friends and my face burned with embarrassment because I didn't know what he was talking about. When I asked for details, the information I got was pretty sketchy; this was forbidden territory: No Girls Allowed. I hated that feeling, because if a man could do something, so could a woman. After all, I had cut my teeth on toy trucks and cars, live snakes and lizards, illegal automatic weapons, and dirt motorcycles. Suddenly, here was another male bastion I wanted to force my way into.

Years passed (more than I care to admit) and I became, in turn, a college graduate, a sober alcoholic/addict, a sex worker, and then a wife. But I still hadn't fulfilled my wish of going everywhere the boys go. I thought being a sex worker might solve some of my angst, but working in the sex industry just isn't the same as playing in it. The former is about pleasing others while the latter is having it your way. I wanted to find out for myself. So when he asked, "What do you want for your birthday?" I didn't have to give it another thought.

Why hadn't I tried to fulfill this wish on my own? I once walked across the street from my apartment when I lived in the Tenderloin in San Francisco and knocked on the door to a massage parlor. A woman peered through a small crack she made with the door and asked what I wanted in a gruff voice. I said I wanted a massage, she said "we're closed." "What's the matter? Don't you see women?" I demanded. "Sure we do," she replied as she slammed the door in my face.

So I first called the Mustang Ranch to see if they would accept women customers. There was no sense in driving all the way to Nevada just to get another door slammed in my face. It turned out that they only saw women with their male partners. My only solution was to get a male escort into "men only country." It did get me in, but not necessarily with open arms.

We drove to Reno and then further into the desert. It was dark and at first seemed very desolate, but we soon saw the famous Christmas lights I had heard about. Three plain one-story buildings stood in a row surrounded by chain link fences. The middle

building sported a small sign proclaiming "The World Famous Mustang Ranch," and my stomach got a little upset from nervousness and excitement.

My husband and I walked up to the building on the right called the Old Bridge Ranch. We rang the bell and the madame opened the door with a smile on her face. She stopped us before we went in to ask us what we wanted. I had an urge to say "how about a haircut," but I resisted the temptation and let my husband tell her we wanted to "party with a girl." The madame then welcomed us in and escorted us to a private room where we were asked to wait for the girls who would be willing to "party with a couple." I wondered why we didn't get to pick our girl from the traditional line-up. One of the women caught my eye who seemed very friendly, fun, and cute. But I still wanted to "shop," so we went off to the Original Mustang Ranch next door.

We rang the bell on the gate, and this madame came to the door with something less than a smile. I saw the women start to form a line-up, but as we headed up the sidewalk to the door, they all scattered like they had seen a ghost. The madame suspiciously asked what we wanted. When we said sex, she quickly had a big security guard escort us into a room. I protested that I wanted to see the bar and pick a girl from the line-up, but this husky guard said they couldn't allow that since "non-working women" aren't allowed in the bar. At this





point I wanted to go back home to San Francisco where queers like me aren't treated like we have a disease. While we interviewed women in the private room, I was able to talk one of the women into getting me water and giving me a tour of the bar after all. There wasn't much to see but it was the principle of it all. I wanted to be treated like one of the boys. And if I couldn't get a line-up like the guys do, just because some of the girls think that eating pussy is gross, at least I could walk through the joint like a real customer instead of getting shoved behind closed doors like some criminal. In the interest of continuing my shopping spree, we finished our interviews of the available women and headed to the third and last house.

every dollar. And I felt a little sad to think she was sharing so much of her earnings with the house.

My urge to rescue this woman was eventually replaced with an increased determination to continue my efforts to educate people about the abridgement of sex workers' rights. I also came away with the conviction that the service prostitutes offer is worth every dollar they charge. Being a customer for one evening gave me a deep appreciation for what a wonderful service prostitution is. I hope it will always be available legally and in settings that do not oppress, degrade, or shame the prostitute. Prostitutes should be revered and respected as the great healers, therapists, and entertainers they are.

# AT THE MUSTANG RANCH

by Teresa Ann Pearcey

The Mustang Ranch #2 wasn't much. Most of the women weren't what I had in mind and the reception was pretty cold. I got a couple of sneers from some of the "working women" in all three of the houses. I'd say homophobia is alive and well in the desert. We eventually went back to the Bridge Ranch and picked a girl who reminded me of Shirley McClaine in *Irma La Doce*. This one was very friendly and fun and cute, and she was available and talked me out of \$400. I didn't know this at the time, but the house had installed microphones in all the girls' rooms so that management can eavesdrop on the financial negotiations (I hope this is all they listen to). After she took my money, she left the room to give the house its half and got us a couple of non-alcoholic drinks.

When she returned, she started dancing seductively. I love that. Then she began to undress me. When she was finished, she jumped in the middle of us and laid back waiting for our "attack." We obliged enthusiastically. As the three of us worked our way through all the positions three people usually assume in bed together, my husband came but I still wasn't quite there. When I complained, our hostess got a determined look on her face and pulled out a vibrator and a large double-headed dildo. I was lying on my back with my head in my husband's lap, so I'm not exactly sure what she did to me with those implements. But I am sure that people having drinks in the front lobby heard me have a great time at least twice.

I stood up with shaky legs, and the three of us had a group shower. As we were dressing, I asked her how she liked working at the brothel. She said it was all right, but the house charged the girls for everything—\$10 for laundry! She "partied" and lived in this room for weeks at a time yet the house restricted her comings and goings and guests. It started to sound like prison. I wanted to take her to a COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics, a San Francisco prostitution rights activist group) meeting and liberate her. I'd even be less welcome if management knew I was a member of COYOTE. As she escorted us to the door, she hugged us and patted our butts goodbye. I left knowing the hour she treated us to was worth

Yes, working in the sex industry is different from being a customer. I couldn't believe how involved in the fantasy I became as a customer. I felt affection for the woman I spent an hour with, even though I knew it was just business for her. I felt that she was special, and I had a hard time accepting that we were just another appointment to her. But it didn't make any difference in the end. If I had wanted emotional involvement, I would have placed a personals ad. I sought out a prostitute precisely because I didn't want to risk emotional involvement. And it was erotic, fun, exciting, and fulfilling.

I also found that she was really the one in charge of the hour we spent together. And that was great — to relax and turn everything over to a professional. It's wonderful to pay for what you want and then let someone else orchestrate it for you. After all, we pay professionals to do what they are good at. She and other sex workers I know are very good at what they do. That's why they get paid.

Teresa Ann Pearcey is a married (to a man) bisexual former sex worker, who currently offers seminars on sexuality and gender politics. She has appeared on many national and international television shows, and her latest achievement is having one of her articles reprinted in a college textbook.

## KAREN BARNES, MFCC PSYCHOTHERAPY

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# A LACK AT DIVERS/CITÉ

## WHAT WAS MISSING AT MONTRÉAL'S CELEBRATION OF LESBIAN, GAY, BISEXUAL AND TRANSGENDER PRIDE

There are a lot of myths about bisexuals—we can't make up our minds, we're obsessed with sex, we're really straight, or we're really gay. The truth is, we organize our erotic lives in a variety of ways. Some of us are monogamous, some of us have multiple partners, some of us sleep mostly with one gender, and some of us have relations with men, women, and transgenders. Some of us choose not to be sexual with other people. As bisexual activists, we defend all of these choices because we know what it is to be told your sexuality is not valid, and because we believe that there is no one correct way to live desire. A rejection of compulsory heterosexuality should also include questioning the sanctity of monogamy, the valorization of couple culture, the belief that there are only two sexes and two genders, and the assumption that people who are not sexually active would be if they could find a partner.

As bisexuals, we've learned important lessons from the lesbian and gay communities—we need not feel ashamed of the people we choose to love, have sex with, and welcome as friends. Ironically, as bisexuals, we must often reiterate similar lessons to lesbians and gay men when we tell them about our opposite-sexed and trans-sexed partners. Our desire does not respect the artificial borders of language and identity, and we do not fit into your hetero- and homo- boxes. This is not fence-sitting. This is a challenge to your limited categories of sexuality and gender, and it is something we defend fiercely and that we celebrate. Passion deserves no apology.

I also want to talk about transgendered people. The word "transgender" refers to people who live outside normative sex/gender relations—transsexuals, drag queens, women who dress and live as men, and hermaphrodites—the intersexed. Those of us who dare to reject compulsory sex/gender relations are faced with life and death issues of pain and struggle to live in our bodies as we choose. While lesbians and gay men are in

Ki Namaste offered to speak at Divers/Cité

1994, Montréal's GLBT pride festival, instead of presenting an award to a talk show host, which is what the planning committee originally wanted Ki to do. Ki was the ONLY bisexual or transgendered person scheduled to speak, and was cut the day of the event due to "time constraints," this despite many gay and lesbian speakers. The committee also had an hour and a half of lip-synching drag queens, which generated articles in the mainstream media of how this put the whole "community" in a poor light. The committee again approached Ki, the next day and asked Ki to write a letter answering the criticism. Refusing to bail them out of their mess, Ki pointed out that if you parade transgendered people on stage with no opportunity to speak for themselves, that's what you get.

Ki also graciously sent us the never-delivered speech, which we have here, albeit somewhat abbreviated.

**by Ki Namaste**

a position to fight for insurance benefits and tax breaks, transgendered men and women are so fragmented from society that they live in a world with no guarantee of basic human rights. We lose our children, our jobs, our homes, and sometimes our lives. Transsexuals in prison are incarcerated according to their "original" biological sex—which means assault, rape, and often, the transmission of HIV.

Transgenders and sexual minorities share a common history. Pre-Stonewall, some public spaces were seized by sexual and gender outlaws—drag queens, lesbians, stone butches, gays, and sex-trade workers. Remember that Stonewall happened when a passing woman resisting arrest was supported by Puerto Rican drag queens and transsexuals. Do not rewrite history to claim, even implicitly by omission, that white gay men helped a lesbian, and do not trivialize it with the statement that these gender outlaws were upset because of Judy Garland's recent death. *These people fought back*

because, like most poor people, they were tired of being treated like shit, and they had nothing else to lose.

While sexual and gender outlaws share a common past, they do not share a common present. Here in Montréal, lesbian bars routinely eject male-to-female transsexuals, even when these individuals live as women and identify as lesbians. Gay male bars refuse entry to women, drag queens, transsexuals, and men in lipstick.

We transgendered people ask the lesbian and gay communities the following questions: why have you forgotten our common history? Why are you, like your straight counterparts, so uptight about gender? Are you so desperate for civil rights that you will sell out the very people who, historically, faced the most police violence and harassment fighting for much of the acceptance you enjoy? And although some of you here today



can now say the mantra of "lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender," what have you done for transsexual liberation?

Bisexual and transgender activists demand more than having our names tacked onto the end of the phrase "lesbian and gay." We are tired of being stuck at the end, and we are more tired of people saying these words in a meaningless way. We do not accept the liberal argument that we must fight for lesbian and gay rights now, and that, maybe one day in the future, other sexual and gender minorities will have their turn.

As bisexuals and transgenders, we have a great deal to teach lesbian and gay communities - about alternate ways to organize our erotic lives, about honoring sex-trade workers, about living our bodies as we choose. We struggle for a world with a thousand million sexualities and genders - an infinite combination of bodies and desires. There are no easy answers, and if it appears that our sexual and gender fluidity blurs too many lines to be politically useful, we respond with the statement that our lives expose the limitations of those lines. Do not mistake fluidity for fickleness - we fuck gender and sexuality because they're already fucked.

All of this means that as bisexuals and transgenders, we don't just want to be included in some nebulous liberal rhetoric of "diversity", "a queer family" or "children of the rainbow". We do not just offer new or different names to call oneself. We pose a fundamental challenge to the ways in which gender and sexuality are organized in this society. Just as lesbians and gay men refuse the narrow options of compulsory heterosexuality, we refuse to be trapped by a hetero/homo man/woman split.

We want it all, and we will settle for nothing less. This is not a utopian dream, this is a committed activist program. In a

world where transsexuals who are HIV-positive are denied sex-reassignment surgery, in a world with no useful state-funded AIDS education for bisexuals, and in a world where gender out-laws face the threat of physical assault daily, I for one cannot mobilize my energies to fight for same-sex retirement benefits. Some of us non-heterosexuals face issues more pressing than the accumulation of capital. Do not be fooled into thinking that the ballot box and the legal transfer of property equal "freedom."

So as we celebrate together here today [sic], let us realize that the issue is not about lesbians and gay men deciding whether or not to let bisexuals and transgenders into "their" communities. The deeper issue is whether or not lesbians and gay men are willing to learn from the lives and experiences of bisexuals and transgenders. Because we insist on the inclusion of all kinds of sexual and gender minorities, because we publicly defend sex work, and because we do not limit our struggle to securing insurance benefits and tax breaks for middle-class couples, we politicize the middle ground of lesbian and gay activism. That is our contribution to contemporary sexual and gender politics, and it is that courage, determination, and resistance that we should honor, affirm, and celebrate today.

Since Divers/Cité 1994, Ki Namaste has decided that identity politics sucks. Ki now works on the politics of food, and is more concerned about bovine growth hormones and GATT than with same sex insurance benefits in multinational corporations.

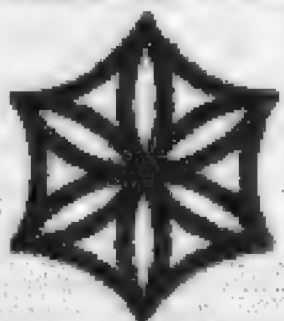
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# REVIEW: POETRY

## GOOD SENSE & THE FAITHLESS

by Michelle Clinton

Reviewed by Naomi Tucker

Good Sense & The Faithless

Michelle Clinton

Albuquerque, NM: West End Press, 1994 \$9.95

...i don't want a bisexual movement  
i don't want a bisexual newsletter rap group parade  
i don't want to steal or pollute the purity of lesbian space

i want you to care about me inside my private parts  
i want you to let me be the queer that i am  
& know i am not your enemy

plus i'd like to get laid

she said  
maybe we can work something out.

-Politics of the Bisexual Deep Fry

Two weeks ago a mysterious package arrived in my mailbox containing a no-special-occasion gift. Inside the sensible, plain, brown wrapper was world of right-on, raunchy, radical writing by Michelle Clinton, *Good Sense & the Faithless*.

Once I began to curiously thumb through the pages of *Good Sense & the Faithless*, I simply could not put it down. Now, lots of folks have had occasion to get so excited over a new book that we lock ourselves in the bathroom and read for hours on end. But how often does one read a hundred pages of poetry in one sitting?

What a discovery. Add her name to your bi reading lists, 'cause this one's a gem. Clinton gives us a peek into an African-American bi-queer woman's experience, and then, just when we think we got it, smashes all assumptions of understanding. Neither her writing nor her life experience can be summed up in two dimensions.

Reading *Good Sense* is like hearing an amazing new song; I am possessed with the desire to read these poems out loud to anyone who will listen. I want to hear their melodies spoken with passion. I want to paint these poems on the walls of city buildings, pass them out in the streets, record them on my answering machine message. If they were mine to give I would offer them up as gifts of story and soul.

The inspiration I draw from these poems invokes many of my personae: the spiritual Jewish bi-queer feminist in me, the

activist in me, the battered women's advocate in me, the writer in me. And sometimes I feel she just plain is talking about me: "MY THING/ i keep my hair long for lesbian get togethers/ i always wear skirts & bangles" ("Tantrum Girl Responds to Death").

*Good Sense & the Faithless* is about surviving life in all its complexities. Love, death, sex, politics, spirituality, magic, and jazz live side by side in these poems just as they do in real life. Clinton's poetry spits up righteous rage against racism, abuse, and the white heteropatriarchy that strangles American society. Yet at the same time she captures the spark of the undersoul, of survival, of dreams, and of passion. She knows how to throw harsh reality in the face of the reader and still make it beautiful.

One of the things that I love most about *Good Sense* is the poet's brutal honesty. She's not afraid to say fuck or shit. She's not afraid to talk about sex, and all the mundane things in life we don't often admit, from farting to popping zits. She is excruciatingly, exquisitely real.

As a writer, Clinton certainly has got what it takes. I can't remember the last time a poet moved me so intensely. Her talent lies not only in the message she delivers, but in the sheer beauty of the delivery itself. Each poem is a conversation, a dance, a journal entry, a stroll down the street, a journey into the soul. In each poem are voices, as clear as the neighbors outside my window: sometimes chatting amongst themselves, sometimes shouting to me, sometimes solitary souls talking to themselves. I feel the unique rhythm of each poem rise up in me... waves, currents, drumbeats, sirens.

Oh, I could talk about how Clinton deals with lesbian-bi relations and interracial couples in one breath, understanding the parallel pains of these chasms because she has lived them both... or I could talk about how she pulls the reader in from the "movement" politics to the most personal place of love lost or denied because of politics... and did I mention that our deepest motivations might be questioned? What is it that drives us to think, write, fuck, love, touch, or act in a certain way? What fires and drumbeats organize our lives?

Yeah, I could talk about those things. But I'd rather just say, please, please get your hands on this book, and see for yourself.



# We're All Gringos on this Bus/ Ode to the Am. Butch

by Michelle Clinton

judy the straight girl  
showed me mexico  
taking into account i hate  
traveling/ traveling  
to me is mostly about eating in cafes  
having servants  
& collecting rip-off stories  
to flash your interesting-ness  
& your excess cash worth  
like:

i ate eyeballs in thailand  
i got robbed in europe  
i lucked up at the airport in jamaica  
& found a sucker who put me up for days  
got me fully drugged  
& showed me how to beat native prices

like you pack up your gringo power  
pay pennies for religious artifacts  
overlook mutilated beggars  
& fail to take note  
of racism

you take like the mexico  
judy the straight girl gave to me  
was about dark skinned people  
removing the plates & hand  
washing out underpants  
while white mexicans pick up the cash

plus time lays out like a woman  
what-to-do is a list that struggles  
w/ i-need-a-nap burn out  
& mostly i get scared  
because what do i know about traveling

judy, bi-cultural jewish  
homie, hetero sexual to the max  
details of her man addiction  
would gag a political dyke  
had straight people confusion anyway  
even though she had that feeling  
about that thing  
she figured she should think about women  
i mean like think about thinking about  
ideas about intercourse w/ women  
even though she never had a crush on a girl  
not once kissing lessons in the tomboy club  
& no appreciation for butches

so girlfriend i says to judy  
on the mexican bus  
where hopefully nobody speaks english  
let me hip you to the american butch  
it's their boots  
it's their motorcycles  
it's the way they take basketballs  
away from men

to me there's four categories of humans  
you're bi-lingual, i'm bi-sexual  
you got your boys  
good for certain kinds of deliciousness  
you got straight girls like yourself  
i never touch  
lesbians who scare me worse than traveling  
& butches who look like drag queens  
when they put on dresses  
& manifest sexual powers  
w/ or w/out penis imitation  
censored by american porn

judy pulled her face back  
like i was taking up too much air  
& crossed her eyes like  
no capiche, no comprendo  
this aspect of collective consciousness  
is not in my head space  
i was thinking about thinking about  
thoughts of improved emotional  
communication w/ girls  
i wasn't talking about fucking  
men thrill & hypnotize me  
w/ hard body language  
& that freudian thing  
i just like closeness w/ my girl  
friends better

yo judy, i tried to hip her  
that ain't love-based erotica  
that ain't mysterious forces  
that get us in bed, in relationship  
w/ god knows who

hell we in mexico  
we out here traveling  
like we own the world  
i seen your titties  
you talk about my tacky bras  
& ain't no desire to it  
that's buddyship & sharing fascination

w/ no interior impulse  
no use trying to play  
w/ dangerous forces  
inside wild gay territory  
it's the fourth fucking dimension  
it takes more than an airline ticket  
costs more than straight-girl double  
language smarts can secure  
will take you to places of foreign knowledge  
w/out a buss pass  
w/out a easy frame of reference  
w/out the heart to recognize  
anything you used to think  
was home.



— Poem from *Good Sense & the Faithless*, appears with permission from the author.



# REVIEW: POETRY

## TELLING THE BEADS

by M.S. Montgomery  
Reviewed by Carrie Yury

Telling the Beads  
M.S. Montgomery  
Chestnut Hills Press, 1994

M. S. Montgomery's *Telling The Beads* is a collection of sonnets that, as its front cover proudly proclaims, takes on bisexuality under the specter of Catholicism.

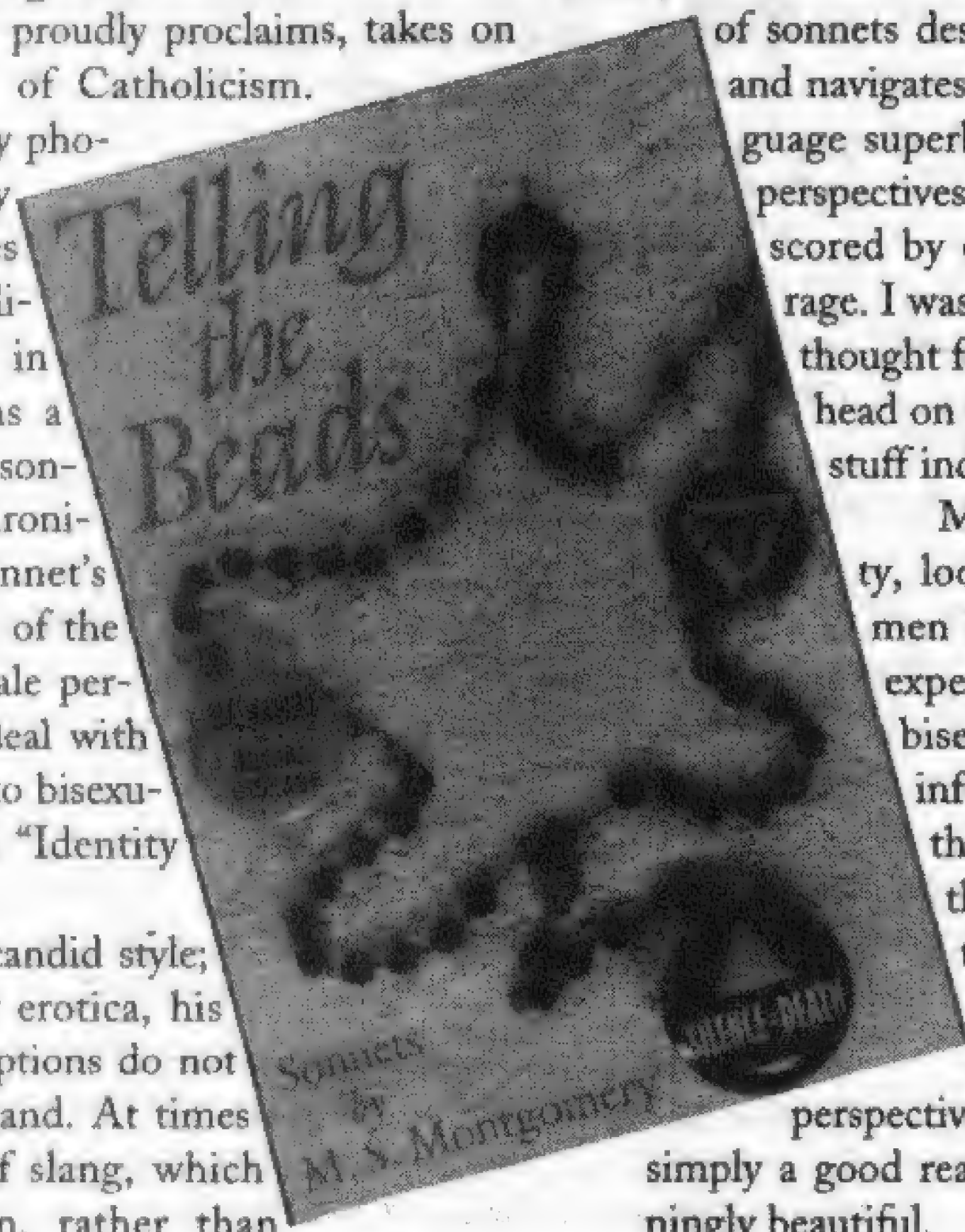
What the confrontational rosary photograph does not immediately reveal is the plethora of voices that speak to the beads. The religious confrontation alluded to in the book's title is taken up as a thread of religious titles for the sonnets that work either with, or ironically against, the particular sonnet's content. Although the majority of the sonnets are told from a gay male perspective, there are a few that deal with the transition from a gay male to bisexual male identity, most notably "Identity Mulatto" and "Pride".

Montgomery writes in a candid style; whether addressing politics or erotica, his use of slang and graphic descriptions do not shy away from the subject at hand. At times this honesty takes the form of slang, which occasionally seems to weaken, rather than strengthen the sonnets' impact. However, in some of the sonnets, the combination of colloquial and literary diction is high-

ly successful. "The Glorious Mysteries" is a staggering quintet of sonnets describing the union between two young men, and navigates the combination between high and low language superbly. The sonnets each begin with the boys' perspectives on the verge of having sex, and are all underscored by ending sestets full of political triumph and rage. I was reading this quintet while taking a bath, and thought for a moment that I was going to faint, hit my head on the tub, and drown in ecstasy. Very powerful stuff indeed.

Montgomery writes with humor and sensitivity, looking at the development of several young men in their movement from early homosexual experiences to full blown, if at first tentative, bisexual identity. Throughout, the sonnets are infused with an almost defiant awkwardness in the face of claiming queer identity. In this lies the charm of the sonnets. At times campy, at times highly literary, Montgomery navigates 70s, 80s & 90s political and linguistic ideologies from a variety of different queer male perspectives. On the most basic level, the sonnets are simply a good read, and on the most elevated they are stunningly beautiful.

Carrie Yury is a law clerk with delusions of professorhood.



**OKAY, OKAY-- WE'VE TOLD YOU TO SUBSCRIBE AND WE'VE TOLD YOU TO TALK US UP WITH YOUR FRIENDS AND HAVE THEM SUBSCRIBE AND WE'VE TOLD YOU TO SEND US YOUR WRITING AND WE'VE TOLD YOU TO FILL OUT OUR DEMOGRAPHICS QUESTIONNAIRE. BUT WAIT.**

### **TWO MORE THINGS WE ARE TELLING YOU TO DO:**

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**TWO STYLES, BOTH ON WHITE TS:**

**1-FRONT: STYLIZED PURPLE SCARECROW GRAPHIC  
"SOME PEOPLE GO BOTH WAYS"**

**BACK: ANYTHING THAT MOVES, THE MAGAZINE FOR THE DISCRIMINATING BISEXUAL**

**2-FRONT: SMALLER BOX MID-CENTER, WITH GRAPHIC FROM STAFF BOX, TEXT: ANYTHING THAT MOVES, ALT SEX.**

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Activist Stickers- Just copy this page onto crack n' peel at your local copy place and Presto- instant bi-activism! You go.

**THIS IS OFFENSIVE  
TO BISEXUALS**

*Anything That Moves*

**I'M BISEXUAL AND  
I HAVE PARENTS**

*Anything That Moves*

### **BISEXUAL MYTH**

**MYTH: BISEXUALITY IS JUST A PHASE.**

**REALITY: SOMETIMES, AND SOMETIMES NOT.**

**MONOSEXUALITY IS SOMETIMES A PHASE, TOO.**

*Anything That Moves*

*BiPol: the bisexual, lesbian, and gay political action group.*

### **BISEXUAL MYTH**

**MYTH: BISEXUALITY DOESN'T EXIST.**

**REALITY: THIS STICKER WASN'T CREATED AND  
PLACED BY THE TOOTH FAIRY.**

*Anything That Moves*

*BiPol: the bisexual, lesbian, and gay political action group.*

**BECAUSE**

we're not "real" queers and our attraction to the same sex is only a phase and we'll just leave for a member of the opposite sex any day and our way of loving is only

a period of confusion and when we haven't changed in 5 or 10 or 15 or 20 years we are still just confused and we see personal ads that say "no bisexual" and when we date members of the opposite sex we are holding onto "straight privilege" and when we date members of the same sex they don't trust us and when we dare to suggest that we have our own identity we are being ungrateful or difficult or radical and if we don't no one will know who we really are and every historical figure or celebrity who has ever had a same-sex affair was really gay or lesbian no matter how they may have felt about any husband or wife or lover of the opposite sex and the government does not acknowledge our existence by labeling us as something that fits their definition of who we are even though it doesn't fit our own and we're told we can't make up our minds and when we make a long term commitment to a member of the opposite sex we're really just straight and when we don't choose to make a commitment to anyone at all then it's because we aren't capable of it and for lots and lots of other reasons,

**WE ARE PART OF  
THE BISEXUAL  
PRIDE MOVEMENT**

*Anything That Moves*

*Bl-onic, U. of K. Lawrence, KA*

*Anything That Moves*

**BISEXUAL MYTH**

**MYTH: BISEXUALS HAVE HET  
PRIVILEGE.**

**REALITY: THE CLOSET IS THE CLOS-**

**ET. ANY GAYLESBITRANS IN THE  
CLOSET HAS HET PRIVILEGE.**

*BiPol: the bisexual, lesbian, and gay political action group.*

**BISEXUALS**

**ANYTHING  
THAT MOVES**

**WERE HERE**

**WE RECRUIT**

**ANYTHING  
THAT MOVES**

**BISEXUAL  
PRIDE**

**WE WANT YOU**



# QUEERS AMONG QUEERS: TRAVERSING THE MONOSEXUAL MARGINS

By Clare Hemmings and Jill Nagle

## Where They Went...

Clare and Jill travelled to La Jolla, CA January 19th through 21st, with Bayla Travis, editor of *On Our Backs*, to attend "Lesbian/Gay/Queer: Knowledges and Identities in the 1990s".

Jill and Clare's contact with the conference organizers beforehand had already made them uneasy about what to expect from the content of the conference, beginning with Clare's first telephone call to one of the two main conference organizers. Clare asked him if there were, or might there be, any panels specifically addressing bisexuality in this conference? He answered, "Absolutely not!" Then Jill called the other main organizer, and asked whether a bi panel might be arranged during the conference. She sounded positive and accommodating at the time, and said there would be a lot of "down time" for such a discussion. Clare had then called her to discuss further plans for the discussion on bisexuality, and discovered the reasons for excluding bisexuality in the first place.

"I've never read any good bisexual theory," she said, "and I don't want to keep adding more identities. Why can't you just accept the term 'queer'?" Clare agreed to send her some of the latest bisexual theory being published, including "Resituating the Bisexual Body" and "Activating Bisexuality: Towards a Bisexual/Politics" from *Activating Theory*, hoping to provoke further dialogue. The two discussed the issue of bisexual inclusion at some length, but Clare realized she was fighting a losing battle when the organizer unapologetically declared, "I'm biphobic, and so are the other organizers."

Although this final comment was not encouraging, Clare and Jill both felt that attending the conference would be worthwhile, fun, and a good place to continue this and other important discussions around queer theory and activism. They both made sure to put the word about the conference out to other bi activists and academics to increase bi representation.

## ...And What They Did...

The idea of a fun, enjoyable conference turned out to be a more difficult goal than we had hoped. For starters, there were no registration forms, nor any particular arrangements made for

conference attendees, including a lack of any printed information designated specifically for us. We had to ask hotel personnel for spare copies of the conference program and other information designated for the invited speakers. This, and the rest of the conference as well, was quite a contrast to the "InQueery, InTheory, InDeed" conference in Iowa last November, which, in addition to being exceedingly well organized, actively solicited bi papers and presentations, and made sure there was a bi panel in every time slot! (Thank you, Brett Beemyn!)

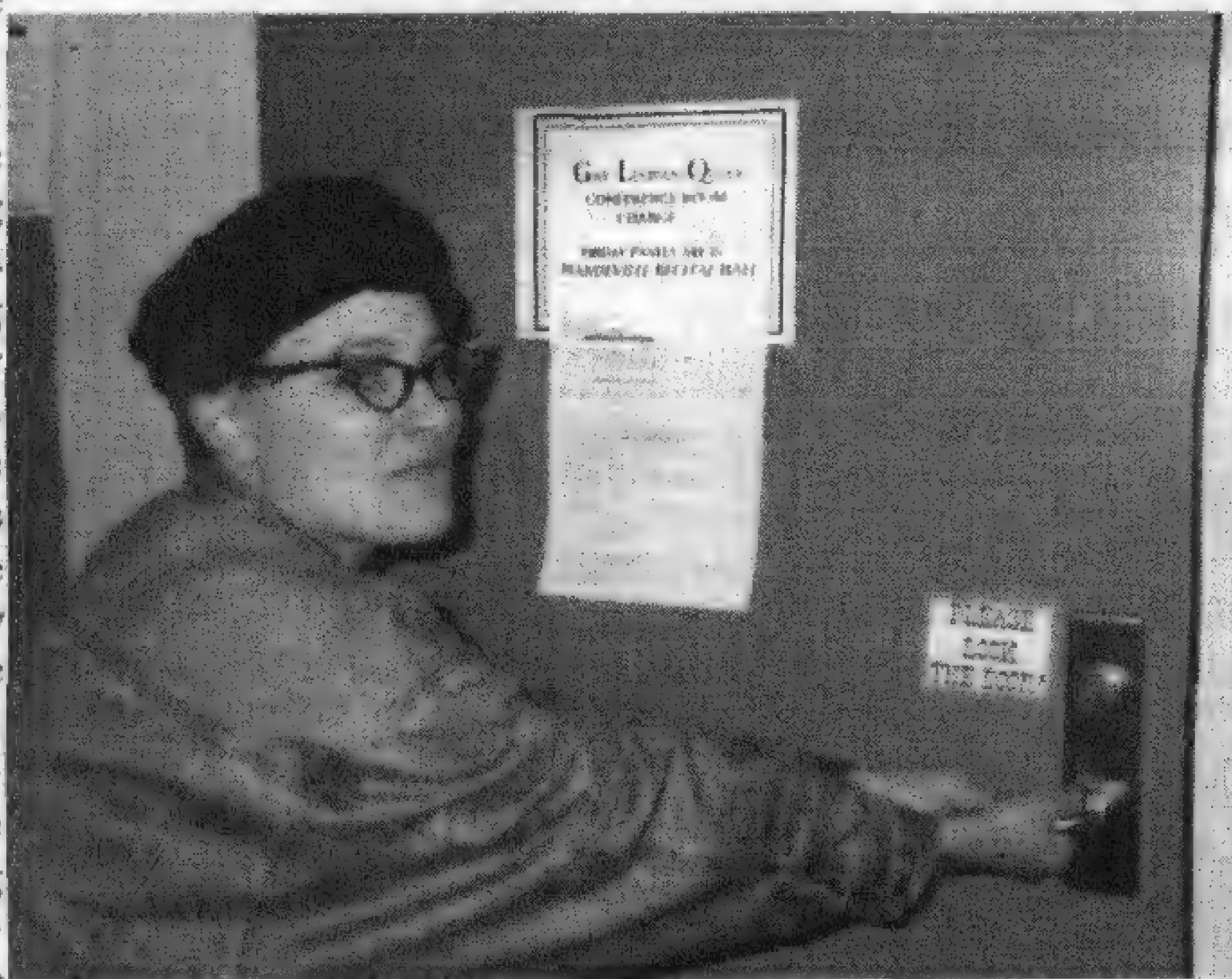
When we finally did make it to the main building, we found some admirable attempts to address key issues within contemporary queer theory. For example, Vernon Rosario's presentation of his work critiquing the limits of the medical model of transgenderism and Kathy Cohen's demonstration of the limitations of seeing queer as "in opposition to" heteronormativity (because there is no hetero-norm), both stretched the limits of queer inquiry. The final panel of the second day, on "queer activism" was superb. Coordinated by Thomas Allen Harris, the panelists were by turns humorous, radical and explosive.

Sarah Schulman's diatribe against the commercialization of gay and lesbian identity provoked the loudest round of applause of the two-day excursion into queer-cult, probably because she dared to use those "outmoded" concepts like oppression, politics and identity. After two days of queer-academic-speak, this last panel was a welcome refresher.

Despite the organizers' hostility, we managed to negotiate

(just) a lunchtime discussion—"Bisexuality and Queer"—but were warned not to "disrupt" or "show disrespect for" the conference space and its intentions.

Our discussion was scheduled a 15-minute walk away, and when we arrived the door was locked. A lunch for the speakers had been organized at the same time, so most of the people (who managed to find us) were San Diego bi-activists and a few



Jill Nagle and locked door to bisexual discussion room in La Jolla.



interested people from the conference. In itself the discussion was fine, but after spending half an hour trying to find the place, it wasn't long enough to really grapple with many issues.

Beyond the simple invisibility and marginalization in the conference program, much of the biphobia we experienced was in the form of denial and fear expressed and acted out in very personal ways. For example, whenever Clare tried to have a conversation with someone about bi theory, they got "that look" in their eyes, and started shifting about nervously. Soon they were gone, and leaving her holding a drink, feeling kind of lonely and unloved. At times the discomfort was palpable in terms of people backing off, all the while taking sidelong glances, unable to engage, yet not quite able to stay away. Ironically, it's been a long time since we felt such biphobia, and also been accorded such power to unsettle.

One of the conference organizers, with whom we'd had the most discussion, gave a three-page speech before introducing Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick (author of *Epistemology of the Closet, Between Men and Tendencies*), on why bisexuality was not included in the title. Her reasoning included a quote from Sedgwick: "my impression is that . . . a challenge to the DECISIVENESS of gender-of-object-choice as a way of understanding sexuality is well under way and that the rubric most often associated with it is 'queer' not 'bisexual'."

### *...And What They Thought*

If the conference were really operating in the spirit of Eve Sedgwick's quote, the word "queer" in the conference title would have referred to a time and space inclusive of bisexuality. We naively assumed so, yet ended up feeling very excluded as bisexuals. Almost all panels treated queer as an extension of lesbian and gay, asking what "queer ways" there were to talk about only lesbian and gay experience. Queer then becomes another universalizing identity, that doesn't allow for difference within its boundaries, or dissension within its ranks.

Just as many groups and organizations claiming to be multicultural are actually multiethnic, monocultural spaces, so did this conference purport to be "queer", yet retain its monosexual paradigm. "Queer," at least in this context, apparently functioned as a rubric to help monosexual lesbians and gays feel more transgressive and postmodern. How transgressive is it to be biphobic and proud? What if "homophobic, sexist, racist, or anti-Semitic" were substituted for biphobic? Furthermore, we found it ironic that theorizing from a bisexual perspective was so energetically defended against in the context of purportedly seeking to "destabilize our (presumably monosexual) identities," a theme referred to throughout the conference. It seems that queer (like most things) can be re-enlisted in the service of the status quo. The rhetoric is different—now bisexuals are not queer enough, where before we were not lesbian or gay enough, or not feminist enough—but the intention is the same: to avoid dealing with the discomfort that bisexuality seems to provoke.

We were not annoyed by the exclusion of the word 'bisexual' from the title, as stated in the opening comments—we felt that that whole pre-conference discussion was a sort of red herring. Rather, we were dismayed that a conference with

'queer' in the title intentionally excluded specific panels on bisexuality while including panels on transgender issues. One could argue, either queer explicitly includes bisexuality or it doesn't; if it does, then an error of omission was made. If it doesn't, then why were transgendered speakers included while defending the exclusion of bisexuals?

In fairness, it wasn't just bisexuality that was marginalized. The conference itself created and maintained marginalization of groups of people we consider quite queer. For example, how queer is a queer conference that gives no voice to sex workers, open discussions of racial, class and ethnic supremacy, the editor of a radical lesbian sex magazine, independent scholars and graduate students? Additionally, what does it mean that the only panel on which (as far as we could tell) there was more than one person of color was the "activist" (read: non-scholarly) panel? Who gets to be queer? You might well ask. We feel encouraged to keep talking about bisexuality, to keep theorizing from a bisexual perspective. After all, if so many smart queers keep talking about the necessity of not talking about bisexuality, there must be some interesting secret to discover . . .

Jill Nagle (JCN4real@aol.com) writes, bends gender, dances, teaches, instigates radical sexual events, sings, builds multicultural alliances, and helps create countercultural community in the Bay Area. Not all at once, of course, and not necessarily in that order.

Clare Hemming's bio appears with her article, "Writing the Spaces".



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## Book Proposal For *Coming Out* History

Non-fiction, paperback, 80,000 words total, Editor S. G. Johnson. How does the bisexual experience differ from the homosexual one? Why do people become bisexual? How do bisexual people manage (apparently) contradictory desires? etc. Guidelines: We will be buying both academic and popular treatments of information about male and female bisexuality. Send 100 word abstract describing your proposed article. Be sure and document your sources. Academic articles should present scientific information about the current state of knowledge and issues surrounding it. Popular articles can cover matters of interest to bisexuals: relationships, personal anecdotes, biographies of bisexual people (no outing), etc. Payment is one to two cents per word (American) within 30 days receipt of funds from publisher. Reprints and simultaneous submissions ok. Length: 4000 words. Deadline, December 15, 1995. Abstracts and queries to: S.G. Johnson, Senior Editor Obeles Books, PO Box 1118, Elkton Maryland 21921 Attn Book Proposal, or email [Morde@tantalus.clark.net](mailto:Morde@tantalus.clark.net)

**A New Lesbian and Gay Essay Collection From Alyson Publications**

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ness of AIDS? Are you a Riot Grrrl, Lesbian, Lesbian Avenger, Queer National? Did your high school have a L/G/B support group? Are you a second- or third-generation queer? If someone asked, "Are you a friend of Dorothy?" would you answer, "Yeah, I loved Bastard Out of Carolina?"

Alyson Publications seeks personal essays from lesbians, gay men, bisexuals, and transgendered people born after (or shortly before) the Stonewall Riots of 1969. We're looking for varied, engaging, thoughtful, well-written, surprising, personal, funny, introspective work. Although we welcome essays about high school and college experiences, we are particularly interested in essays about your younger years — don't confine yourself to your coming-out story! Essays intertwining the personal with the analytical are also welcome. Let's tell the world what it's like to inherit the older generations' legacy of relative freedom and pride — and trouble.

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**The deadline for submissions is June 30, 1995.**

**Guidelines/Submission Requirements:**

1. Essays should be 1-15 double-spaced pages, with your name, address, phone number, and your e-mail address on the first page.
2. If possible, please submit your essay on hard copy and on disk. We will accept submissions on tape from print-impaired writers.
3. Please note if your submission has already been published.
4. Please submit with your essay a one-paragraph bio including your birth date.
5. Please include two self-addressed, stamped envelopes.

**SEND TO:** Robin Bernstein and Seth Silberman, Editors, Children of Stonewall  
PO Box 11172

Takoma Park, MD 20913

or via e-mail to:

Seth Silberman at: [ss178@umail.umd.edu](mailto:ss178@umail.umd.edu)

Robin Bernstein at: [rb147@umail.umd.edu](mailto:rb147@umail.umd.edu)

Here is an opportunity to become published and also empower current and future college students by sharing your coming out experience! We are seeking submissions from current college students or recent

graduates for a new collection of coming out stories entitled *Coming Out On Campus*. We are looking for well-written, detailed, engaging, insightful stories that describe your experiences as a bisexual, lesbian, or gay student in college. Submissions may be in any written form (poems, journal entries, stories, etc.). If you have never submitted any writing before, don't worry! We will assist new writers in the development of their stories.

Questions to consider: How do you identify your sexual orientation? What were the major influences in your coming out process (people/events/books)? Why were they significant? How, where, & why did you come out to family, friends, or strangers? How does your gender, racial-ethnic identity, religious affiliation, and economic or other backgrounds impact your queer identity? How has the location/size/climate of your campus impact your coming out process? What organizations or people were the most/least helpful on campus or in the community? Have substance abuse, suicidal thoughts, HIV, harassment, or other issues been a part of your coming out experiences? What have been the most positive aspects of your coming out process? (You are not limited to these questions. They are only offered to spark your thoughts.)

**Guidelines for Submissions.**

Submissions should be 30 typed double-spaced pages. Please include your name, current and permanent addresses, and e-mail address (if applicable). Anonymity will be respected and maintained upon your request. Please include a one paragraph biographical statement, including your current academic status (ie. junior, senior, 1993 graduate...) and college/university attended. In your story, please respect the privacy of others. Be sure that you have people's permission to use their real names or to include descriptions of places/events which may compromise their privacy. Otherwise, use pseudonyms. Please indicate if your story has been previously published. Please include two copies of your story and 2 self-addressed stamped envelopes. If possible, please also include your story on a Macintosh-compatible disk.

**Deadline for Submission: August 1, 1995.**

Please send to:

Annie Stevens/Kim Howard  
3300 Teagarden Circle #403  
Silver Spring, MD 20904



# A Story of International Intrigue

by Joseph Cliveaux



So, you've just walked into your favorite newsstand, you are reading a few pages of *Anything That Moves* after the cover caught your eye, when a bunch of uniformed thugs walk in, block all issues, tear magazines off the stands, and announce that according to local regulations, this establishment peddles pornography and its owners and patrons are criminals.

It can't happen here, right? Think again, bub. True, local regulations can often be overturned by higher courts, thanks to the First Amendment, but let me take you to Florida, scene of a recent cause célèbre: the trial of Mike Diana, boy cartoonist.

Mike Diana is a troubled young man. The violent society around him is very scary and he's only a kid. Visions of mutilating insects from outer space and cannibalistic child molesting ecclesiasts prompt him to start cartooning. It's a cheap and efficient alternative to therapy.

Mike collects his cartoon stories and makes them into small xeroxed fanzines, printing a couple hundred and sending them away to other people with similar interests and fears. They are not funny stories, they are pretty repetitive, actually (you've seen one perverted priest, you've seen them all). They were, however, keeping him out of trouble . . . well, hmm, choke . . . not exactly.

All was well until someone for whom these publications were not intended, and who happened to be a member of a law enforcement agency, saw them. Because of his drawings, Mike Diana is now a criminal and Florida is a police state. The poor guy can't even doodle while he's on the phone, he might draw something obscene. He's not supposed to take Huey, Dewey and Louie to the park, he might tell them a dirty story.

He is not allowed to lock his door, because the stormtroopers can come anytime to see that he's not doing any of the perverted things he depicted in his comics. Now, I know some guys who'd pay good money to be subjected to this kind

of treatment—they usually get it from blondes with high heels and riding crops—but of course I live in San Francisco, not Florida. Mike Diana's case is currently on appeal.

In Europe, few countries have the equivalent of the First Amendment. The death of military dictators and ferocious censors Franco (Spain) and Salazar (Portugal) were followed by an explosion of new and challenging publications. In France, where uncorked sexuality is treated more lightly than elsewhere, the government taxes pornographers higher than other sellers for importation, but only if the content is sufficiently bizarre, such as depictions of bestiality. Scandinavia has canceled many restrictions on published material of a sexual nature since the early 1960s. Amsterdam has been the home of banned books since the 17th century. Also, in these countries, comic books have been recognized as an independent form of art, and seen as entertainment for both children and adults. Therefore, adults are given plenty of chances to look at adult material.

This sums up the general attitude on the Continent, but in England things are done differently. While the rest of Europe is busy abolishing borders and local passports, England still grills you at the border. Even if you are an adult in England, you are not allowed to see certain sexual representations or do certain things at home with the doors closed and locked, and comic books are children's material only.

In 1990, R. Crumb was not yet on movie screen around the country, but he was already considered one of the most important cartoonists of our age. A one-hour movie about his art and life was broadcast in England and other European countries. Knockabout Comics, the veteran British underground publishers, collected the first in a series of thematic anthologies of Crumb's work: *My Troubles with Women*.

The first volume of the series emphasizes realistic, autobi-



ographical stories. Gathering stories published in various comic books during the decade of 1980 to 1990, Crumb had assembled in this collection a manifesto of the "Autobiographical Comic" movement that then spread amongst younger cartoonists. The stories in MTWW covered the artist's relations with women, real and imagined, from his early years, and they contain occasional scenes of a sexual nature. Scenes of real life sex are rarely explicit in these drawings, scenes of the artist's fantasies are. The book was a success, and the first printing promptly sold out to critical acclaim in England and the United States, was translated into French and even into Chinese.

Demand for the book in the US went largely unsupplied, so Last Gasp of San Francisco, which had always had friendly dealings with the Knockabout Comics' publishers, Tony and Carol Benett, offered to co-publish the next printing. And, added the shrewd Yanks (comfortable in their post-cold war imperialism) the book will be printed in Southeast Asia at a very competitive cost. This first co-printing was another success. Each half of the print run went to its publisher and promptly sold out in England and the United States. The jovial publishers, confident in their legitimacy, decided on a new printing, and while San Francisco welcomed this masterpiece, Her Majesty's Customs stopped Knockabout's part of the print run and declared it suspect of obscenity, or whatever excuse a police state needs to stop your favorite literature.

But wait! This book was first printed in the United Kingdom, and apparently approved by the Thought Police.

"But I say it's obscene!" came the answer. I, in this case, is a British Customs officer, described by Tony Benett as a fanatic religious type. Another British comics importer, who saw his shipment stopped and seized by the very same Customs Officer, once again objecting to titles that had already passed through British customs.

As I write this, Knockabout will have to go to court to prove that these books stopped by the zealous officer have been officially declared non-obscene and can therefore be admitted into the country. I also suggest the re-assignment of this officer to a nice filing job away from other people's reading material.

Customs officers everywhere have become strict guardians of public morality. Canada, for example pays certain people to read all this disgusting stuff they won't let into their country, in order to itemize objectionable images.

This is the story of a comic book called *Sexy Stories of the World Religions and its Adventures in Canada*. In 1992, a Montreal cartoonist called Jacques Boivin ordered this comic, along with 13 others. This title and *Weird Smut* (edited by John Mozzer) attracted the attention of Canadian customs, who searched Mr. Boivin's mail and confiscated the shipment. Form K27 of Customs listed the three reasons for the seizure: the comics in question depicted bondage, pain, and anal penetration.

Mr. Boivin fought back: he sent long detailed letters to Customs quoting from scholarly books and defending his right to read whatever he wanted. The comic books were "inadvertently destroyed" while their legal status was being examined, and Boivin got a nice letter from the manager of Prohibited

Importations apologizing for the inconvenience and offering to reimburse him the cost of the books.

While this light comedy was taking place in French-speaking Montréal, in other parts of the country shipments from the United States were stopped before they could reach gay and lesbian bookstores. Often, these shipments contained less than explicit publications. When a shipment to a store in Pembroke, Ontario was stopped and seized, the same comic book, *Sexy Stories*, now had eleven reasons to be officially prohibited in Canada. This means it is now inscribed on a computerized list of comic books and other material, all of which are sold legally and openly in the United States and Europe, which is accessible to all Customs Officers. More titles are still being examined (very thoroughly one assumes) to determine their legal status. Bookstores are still involved in legal proceedings concerning what may be imported from the United States. American distributors are now forced to warn their Canadian customers about possible trouble at the border.

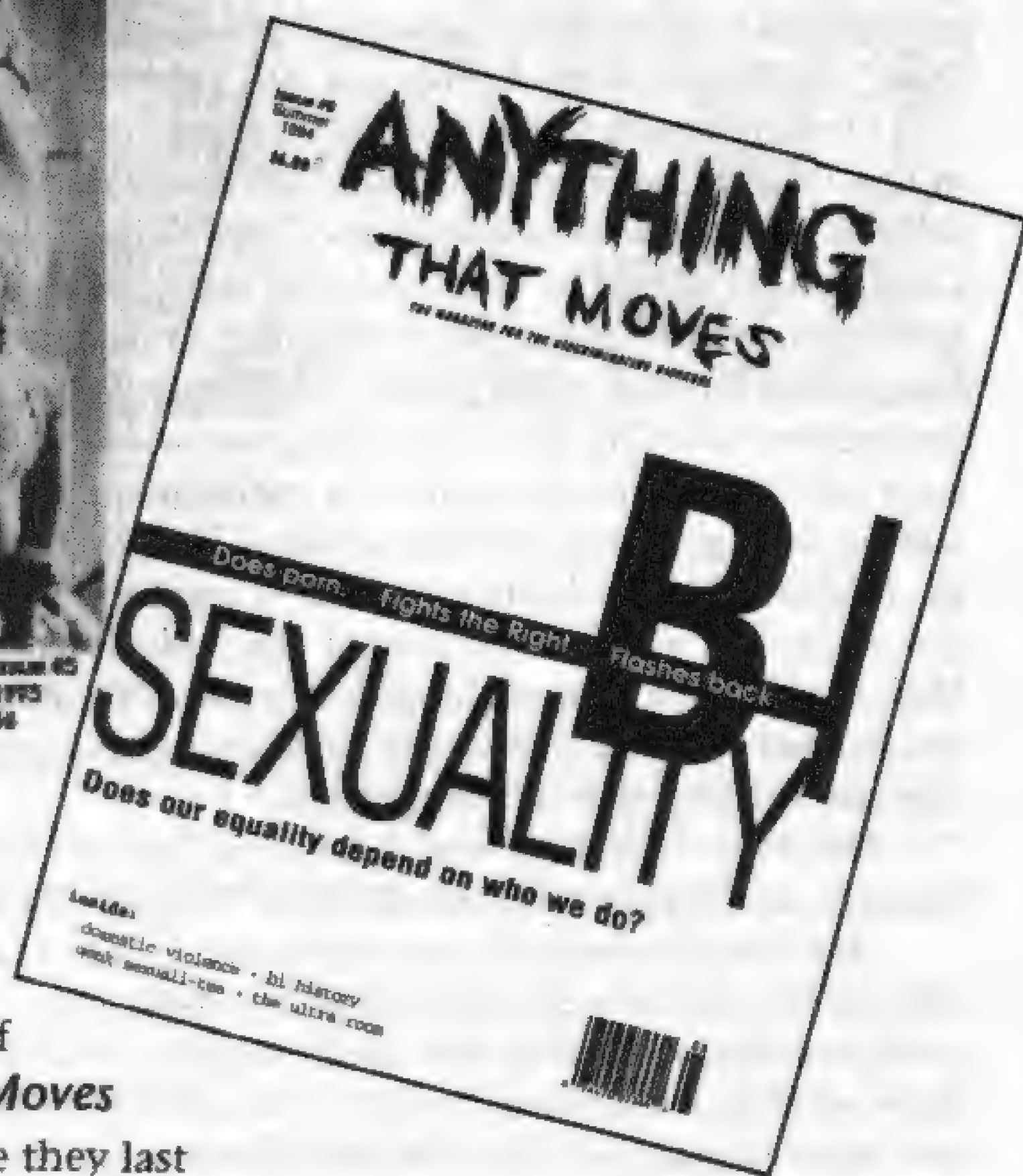
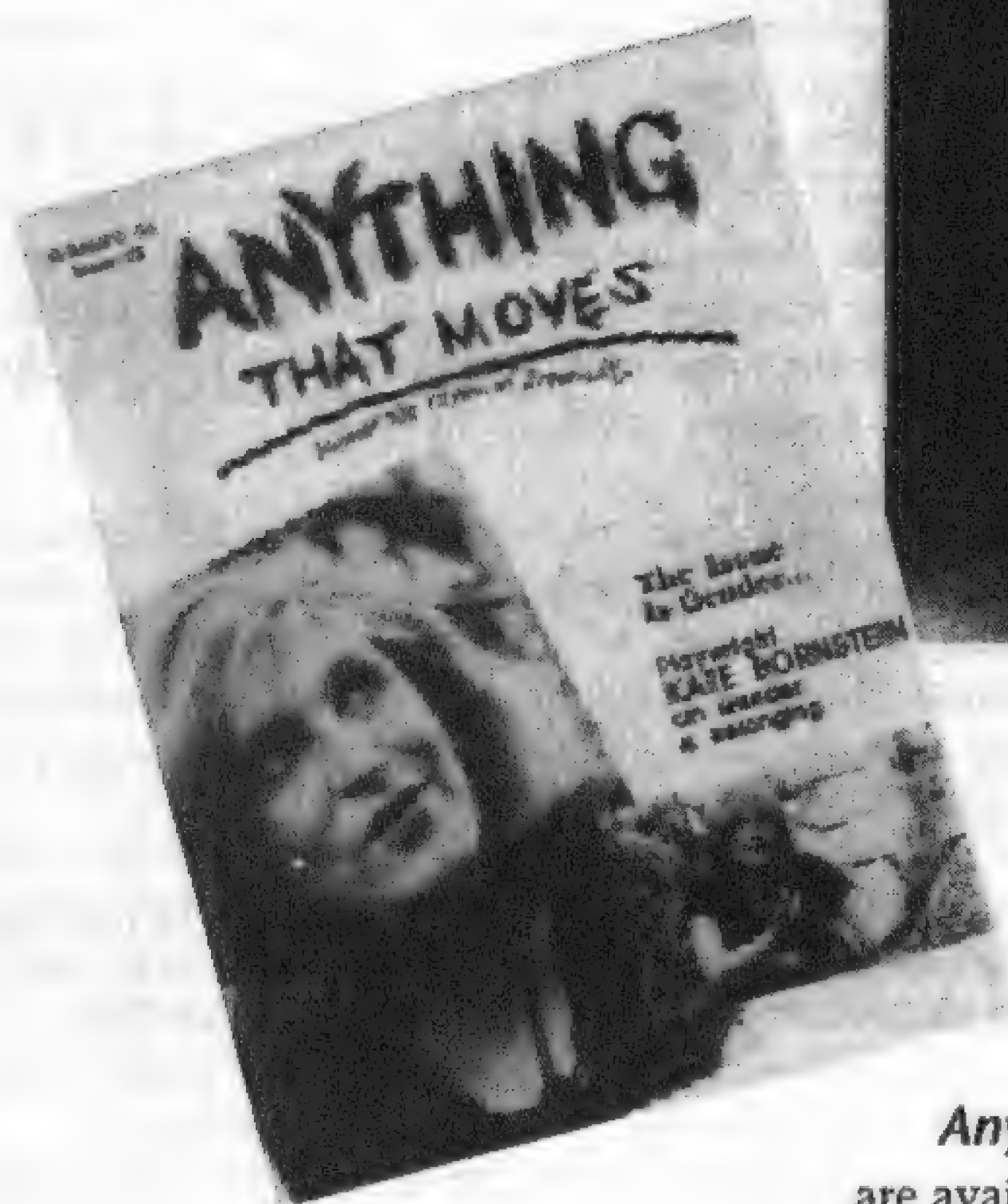
There you have a brief overview of three English-speaking countries where stores are raided, publications are prohibited and destroyed, businesses and individuals are harassed by law enforcement. And always for the usual reason, representations of sexual acts--not photographs--but drawings, cartoons, and caricatures....

Joseph Cliveaux's comics have been seized and burned by Customs Officers in England, Canada and New Zealand and he encourages you to donate to the Comic Book Defense Legal Fund at 1-800-992-2533.





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Income \_\_\_\_\_

How You Keep From Starving \_\_\_\_\_

Sexual Orientation \_\_\_\_\_

Fetish Orientation \_\_\_\_\_

Activism and Politics \_\_\_\_\_

Amount & Type of Latex per Month Orientation \_\_\_\_\_

Astrological Orientation \_\_\_\_\_

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Recent Fantasies \_\_\_\_\_

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What You Hate About **ATM** \_\_\_\_\_

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Why You Aren't Sending Us Submissions \_\_\_\_\_



# BI COMMUNITY & RESOURCES

## MIXED

**BAY AREA BISEXUAL NETWORK:** Forum 3rd Thursday of each month, 7:30 p.m. at Women's Bldg., 3543 18th St., SF. Topics of interest to members of the bi community and their friends. BABN also sponsors a speaker's bureau of bisexuals from diverse backgrounds, races, lifestyles and cultures who speak on all topics and issues concerning bisexuality. Call 415/703-7977 voice mail box #1, or write BABN at 2404 California St., #24, SF, CA 94115.

**BI-FRIENDLY SAN FRANCISCO:** 7:30 p.m., Monday, at Muddy Waters Coffee House, 262 Church Street at Market, in San Francisco. Call for Ellen and Coe for info 415/703-7977 voice mail box #4 (Mondays may vary) If you would like a copy of Bi-Friendly newsletter hand-delivered to your home in an unmarked envelope by a uniformed government official once each month send \$12.00 check <Payable to Ellen Clary> to Ellen Clary POB 1088 Alameda CA 94501. Mailing list is confidential.

**BI-FRIENDLY EAST BAY:** Tuesday, 7:30 p.m., Au Coquelet, 2000 University at Milvia, in Berkeley. Hew is your host. Call Ellen and Coe for information 415/703-7977 voice mail box #4 For newsletter info see Bi-Friendly San Francisco.

**BI-FRIENDLY OF THE PENINSULA:** 2nd and 4th Mondays, 7:30 p.m. Join bisexual women and men for dinner and conversation at Viccolo Pizza, 473 University Ave., Palo Alto. Call Joyce, 415/856-6901.

**BIPOL:** The Bay Area Bi/Lesbian/Gay political action group. Meets monthly. Call 415/703-4977, voicemail box #2 or write 584 Castro St., #422, SF CA 94114.

**MARIN BISEXUAL GROUP:** Bi social/support group meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of every month in central Marin. Interested women & men call Larry, 415/454-5638.

**BI WOMEN AND MEN OPEN RAP:** Every Sunday, 7-8:50 p.m., Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Call 510/841-6224.

**GAMES NIGHT:** Every Saturday, 6-9:45 p.m. at the Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. About 25-30 bis, gays and lesbians play cards, scrabble, etc., or watch videos. Call 510/841-6224.

**LAVENDER SIG:** A political and support network for fat bis, lesbians, gays and their allies. Part of NAAFA, a human rights organization. Send SASE to PO Box 210074, SF CA 94121-0074.

**MOTHER GOOSE PRODUCTIONS:** Sponsors monthly Jack & Jill Off social gatherings for women, men, bi, gay, and lesbian. Send SASE to PO Box 3212, Berkeley, CA 94703.

**SACRAMENTO AREA BISEXUAL NETWORK:** The purpose of this group is to educate, politicize, socialize and support one another, and publish *Bi Word of Mouth* newsletter. Send SASE to PO Box 189146, Sacramento CA 95818.

**SOCIETY OF JANUS:** Educational programs, parties, newsletter, and mutual support for adults interested in consensual SM, BD, leather. Open to all sexual identities. Send SASE to PO Box 426794, SF, CA 94142-6794. Hotline: 415/985-7117.

*There are more groups for women and men under the categories "Ethnic/Of Color" and "Parenting & Family."*

*There are TDD numbers for hearing-impaired bis under the categories "Ethnic/Of Color," "Health," and "Student & Youth."*

## WOMEN

**BAY AREA BISEXUAL WOMEN'S NETWORK:** Offer support/discussion groups, sponsor workshops, and organize women-only events and social activities. Newsletter listing events and support groups. To receive newsletter (\$5/yr) or list women's group or women's event, call 415/485-1015 (evenings only).

**BISEXUAL WOMEN'S SUPPORT GROUP:** 1st and 3rd Sundays, 7:00 p.m. at the Unitarian Church, Rm. 6, 505 E. Charleston, Palo Alto. Call 415/961-9590 or Susan at 415/493-0406.

**BI WOMEN'S GROUP:** Bisexual and bi-curious women have monthly potlucks in Palo Alto for support and socializing. Call True at 415/323-4227.

**EAST BAY BI WOMEN'S SUPPORT GROUP:** meets on the fourth Thursday of each month. To learn more, call Renée at 510/841-2101.

**LESBIAN AVENGERS** direct action group of lesbian, bisexual, and transgender women focused on issues vital to our survival & visibility. Open to all women. 415/267-6195

**SAN FRANCISCO BISEXUAL WOMEN'S SUPPORT GROUP:** Meets on the 1st three Wednesday evenings, 7-9 pm. at Amazing Grace on Church near Market. For info, call Ingrid at 415/775-2620.

**WOMEN'S BISEXUAL NETWORK OF SANTA CRUZ & THE GREATER MONTEREY BAY AREA:** Resource and referral service for bi women. Call 408/427-4556 (voice mail).

**WOMEN'S COMING OUT SUPPORT GROUP:** Every Wednesday, 6-7:30 p.m. at the Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Focuses on coming out to self, friends, family, workplace. All women welcome. Newcomers arrive at 5:45. Call 510/841-6224.



**WOMEN'S SPIRITUALITY GROUP:** Meets monthly in Marin. Open to lesbians, bisexual and heterosexual women. Call Spectrum Center for Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Concerns at 415/457-1115.

**WOMEN'S ELECTRONIC MAIL NETWORKS:** ba.sappho for bi women and lesbians. BIFEM for bisexual women and transsexuals.

*There are more groups for women under the categories "Ethnic/Of Color," "Student & Youth," and "Health."*

## MEN

**BISEXUAL MEN'S THERAPY GROUP:** Focuses on relationship and communication issues. Call Ron Fox, M.S., MFCC at 415/751-6714. Fee.

**GAY MEN'S RAP GROUP:** Every Monday, 7:45-9:50 at the Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. 75-100 gay and bisexual men gather together, then divide into discussion groups by topic. Call 510/548-8283.

**MARRIED/ONCE MARRIED BI AND GAY MEN'S RAP GROUP:** Every Wednesday, 8-9:50 pm. Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Call 510/548-8283.

**MEN'S RESOURCE HOTLINE:** Listing of men's groups and resources dedicated to a positive change in male roles and relationships. Call Gordon at 415/453-2839.

**MOVE (MEN OVERCOMING VIOLENCE):** Provides group and individual counseling for men who batter, and community education on the issues of sexism, masculinity and male violence. Call 415/626-6683.

*There are more groups for men under the categories "Ethnic/Of Color", "Student and Youth", "Health".*

## ETHNIC/OF COLOR

**AMASSI:** Provides support, affirmation and empowerment services to people of diverse sexual and ethnic backgrounds, emphasizing Afro-Americans. Provides individual and couples counseling, support

groups, AIDS education and support, outreach and community training inside the Afro-American community. 3419 Martin Luther King, Jr. Way, Oakland CA 94609. Phone: 510/601-9066.

**ARAB BI/LESBIAN/GAY NETWORK:** Bi/lesbian/gay people of Arab heritage. Social political, educational. Write PO Box 460526, SF, CA 94114.

**ASIAN PACIFIC ISLANDERS GAY/BI MEN'S RAP:** Every Tuesday, 6:30-7:50 p.m., Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Call 510/548-8283.

**ASIAN PACIFICA SISTERS:** and Asian Pacific Lesbian & Bisexual Network. Organization by and for Asian and/or Pacific Islander women who are lesbians and bisexuals. Monthly meetings. For times, dates, & other info call 510/814-2422.

**BI MEN OF COLOR GROUP:** Support and social. Call Bill at 510/540-0869.

**BLACK GAY/BI RAP:** Every Wednesday, 8-9:30 p.m., Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Call 510-548-8283.

**BLACK MEN'S EXCHANGE:** Every Friday, 8 p.m., 40-70 men of African-American heritage and diverse sexual expressions meet for social support and empowerment at AMASSI, 3419 Martin Luther King, Jr. Way, Oakland. A development committee meets separately to plan events. Oakland chapter and national headquarters: 510/839-9138. Other chapters listed under the category "Bis Beyond the Bay".

**GAY ASIAN/PACIFIC ALLIANCE (GAPA):** Bi/Gay men of Asian and Pacific Island heritage. Sponsor events and the GAPA men's chorus. Publish magazine *Lavender Godzilla: Voices of Gay & Bisexual Asian Pacific Men*. Write PO Box 421884, SF, CA 94142. Call 415/282/GAPA

**JEWISH BISEXUAL CAUCUS:** Discussion, support, social. Meets monthly. Call Jim at 415/337-4566.

**LAVENDER DRAGON SOCIETY:** Group where Chinese and Chinese-American gay and bisexual men get to be Chinese and queer at the same time. Call Daniel at 415/992-2656.

**LYRIC (LAVENDER YOUTH RECREATION AND INFORMATION CENTER):** Groups for young African-Americans. Many other groups. Se habla español; Nagsasalita kami ng Tagalog. Call the hotline for schedule: 863-3636 in San Francisco; elsewhere 1-800-246-PRIDE. TDD# 415/431-8812. Also see the "Student & Youth" category.

**SISTER LOVE:** Every Thursday, 7 p.m. at AMASSI, 3419 Martin Luther King, Jr. Way, Oakland. For women who love women. Diverse ethnic backgrounds and sexual identities; emphasizes Afro-Americans. Food is served. Call 510/601-9066.

**3 X 3: BI PEOPLE OF COLOR:** Resource/support/political action/social group building coalitions for a bi community that empowers all people. Call 415/703-7977, voicemail box #3.

*There are more groups for men of color under the category "Health". There is a group for people of color under the category "Transgendered".*

## TRANSGENDERED

**EDUCATION TV CHANNEL (ETVC):** Open, supportive gender group with over 400 members from 23 states and 3 foreign countries. Serves educational, social, support, and recreational needs of transvestites, transsexuals, and others whose social role differs from the role considered appropriate for their genetic sex. For info or newsletter write PO Box 6486, SF, CA 94101. Send \$2 for directory of support groups and computer bulletin boards.

**RAINBOW GENDER ASSOCIATION (RGA):** Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month in San Jose. Write RGA, PO Box 700730, San Jose, CA 95170.

**TRANSGENDERED SUPPORT GROUP:** Every Monday, 7 p.m. at AMASSI, 3419 Martin Luther King, Jr. Way, Oakland. For TGs of diverse ethnic backgrounds and sexual orientations; emphasizes Afro-Americans. Food is served. Call 510/601-9066.



## STUDENT & YOUTH

**ANDROGYNOUS BISEXUAL CLUB (ABC):** Formed at Santa Rosa Junior College in April '93. Leave message at Student Activities Office, 707/527-4424.

**BISEXUALS, GAY AND LESBIANS AT DAVIS:** social, educational and support. Write 433 Russell Blvd., Sacramento CA 95616.

**COMING OUT YOUTH GROUP:** Meets at LYRIC (Lavender Youth Recreation and Information Center). Support group for gay, bi, lesbian, transgender, and questioning youth. Call hotline for schedule: 863-3636 in San Francisco; elsewhere 1-800-246-PRIDE. TDD# 415/431-8812.

**GAY AND LESBIAN ALLIANCE (GALA):** Gay, lesbian and bi students at Santa Rosa Junior College provide peer support, educate others, serve on panels in sociology and psychology classes, sponsor parties, and provide good role models for relationships. GALA meets weekly September to May. Leave message at Student Activities Office 707/527-4424.

**GAY/LESBIAN ALLIANCE AT SONOMA STATE (GLASS):** Leave message at Student Union 707/664-2382.

**LESBIAN/GAY/BI ALLIANCE AT SF STATE:** Support, events, newsletter. Write LGBA, Room 100A, Student Union Bldg, SF State University, SF CA 94132.

**LESBIAN/GAY/BI ALLIANCE AT SAN JOSE STATE:** Social and educational group at San Jose State University. 408/236-2002.

**MULTICULTURAL BI/LESBIAN/GAY ASSOCIATION: (MBLGA)** at UC Berkeley. Call 510/642-6942.

**NEW HORIZONS:** Every Thursday, 7:45-9:30 pm at Spectrum, 1000 Sir Francis Drake Blvd., #12, San Anselmo. Support group for lesbian, gay, bi and questioning young adults, age 22-29. Call 415/457-1115.

**RAINBOW'S END:** Every Thursday, 6:30-8:30 pm at Spectrum, 1000 Sir Francis Drake Blvd, #12., San Anselmo. Support group for lesbian, gay, bi and questioning youth, age 14-23. 415/457-1115.

**23 OR UNDER GROUP:** Every Saturday, 1:30-3 p.m., 40-60 gays, bis and lesbians through age 23 gather for support and discussion at the Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Call 510/548-8283.

**YOUNG MEN'S GROUP:** Every Friday, 7-9 p.m. at LYRIC. Support group for young men age 12-23 who are gay, bi, transgender, or questioning. Call 415/863-3636 in San Francisco; elsewhere 1-800-246-PRIDE, TDD# 415/431-8812.

**YOUNG WOMEN'S GROUP:** Every Monday, 7-9 p.m. at LYRIC. Support group for young women age 12-23 who are lesbian, bi, transgender, or questioning. Call 863-3636 in San Francisco; elsewhere 1-800-246-PRIDE, TDD# 415/431-8812.

*There are also groups for youth listed under "Health" and "Transgendered".*

## HEALTH & SUPPORT

**AIDS HEALTH PROJECT:** Support group for gay and bi men who are HIV+. Support group for gay and bi men who are HIV negative. Structured 8-week groups meet at the agency; on-going groups meet in private homes; individual therapy. Call 415/476-3902.

**BAY POSITIVES:** A support group for young people who test positive. Call Julie Graham 415/386-4615.

**CURAS:** Prevention and education referral services for bi and gay Latino men. Call 415/255-2731.

**THE DEAF GAY/LESBIAN CENTER:** Serves the needs of deaf and hard-of-hearing members of the gay, lesbian, and bisexual community. Also offers American Sign Language classes to the hearing gay, lesbian, and bisexual community. Support group for deaf bisexual people. TDD# 415/255-0700. Hearing callers may call 1-800-735-2922 and ask to be connected to this TDD#.

**DUAL DIAGNOSIS HIV+ DROP-IN GROUP:** Every Tuesday, 4-5 p.m., Operation Concern 1853 Market (at Guerrero), SF. Gay and bi men discuss the experience of living with HIV and substance abuse or mental health issues. Led by a licensed counselor. Free. For info call 415/626-7000

**FILIPINO TASK FORCE ON AIDS:** 1540 Market St., #275, SF CA 94102. 415/703-9880. Provides prevention and intervention case management, referrals, HIV prevention education, translation services. Serves people of all ethnic backgrounds and sexual orientations who are HIV infected, with a focus on Filipinos. A support group for HIV+ people and their lovers meets in members' homes for potlucks, sometimes has speakers.

**GAPA HIV PROJECT:** Services for Asians and Pacific Islanders, including: prevention education, emotional and practical support (such as translation, immigration and housing assistance). For people living with HIV/AIDS, national program providing technical assistance to emerging groups, and visibility campaign on sexual diversity. 1841 Market St, SF, CA 94103. 415/575/3935.

**HIV+ DROP-IN GROUP:** Every Thursday 6-8 pm at Operation Concern, 1853 Market (at Guerrero), SF. Support, info, and discussion for gay and bi men who are HIV+. Led by a licensed counselor. Free. Wheelchair accessible. Call 415/626-7000.

**HIV+/EARLY AIDS GROUP:** Every Thursday, 6-7:30 p.m., at Operation Concern, 1853 Market (at Guerrero), SF. Gay and bi men discuss the experience of living with the diagnosis. Led by a licensed counselor. Free. Drop-in; no appointment necessary. For info call 415/626-7000.

**LIVING WELL WITH AIDS:** Support group based on Attitudinal Healing Principles. Call 415/621-1701.

**LYON MARTIN CLINIC:** Primary health care for and by women, particularly bi and lesbian, in SF. Call 415/565-7667.

**LYRIC:** Provides HIV prevention/education groups for youth. Call the hotline for schedule: 415/863-3636 in SF; elsewhere 1-800-246-PRIDE. TDD# 415/431-8812.

**OPERATION CONCERN:** Mental health concerns of bis, lesbians, and gay men. Individual and group counseling available. Call 415/626-7000.

**SPECTRUM CENTER FOR LESBIAN, GAY & BISEXUAL CONCERNS:** 1000 Sir Francis Drake Blvd., #12, San Anselmo, CA 94960. Provides spiritual and practical support to people with AIDS and HIV+. 415/457-1115.



**STOP AIDS MEETING:** for gay and bisexual men ages 50 & older. 415/621-7177.

**SUBSTANCE ABUSE SUPPORT GROUP:** Every Thursday, 8-9 pm, at Operation Concern, 1853 Market St. (at Guerrero), SF. This drop-in group is free and offers information about OC's substance abuse program. Open to bis. On-going groups cost \$11-\$34 sliding scale, and members must also be in individual counseling. Call 415/626-7000.

**WOMEN'S AIDS NETWORK:** information, referrals for HIV+ women and service providers, call 415/864-4376, ext 2007.

**INTINET RESOURCE CENTER:** Supports loving, committed, ethical multi-partner relationships. Sponsors workshops and ongoing groups for responsible non-monogamists, offers speakers bureau, and publishes a quarterly newsletter for members. All sexual preferences welcome. Info packet: POB 4322-AA, San Rafael, CA 94913-4322. 415/507-1739.

**LESBIAN/GAY/BI PARENTS GROUP:** Meets monthly in different homes in Marin. For info call Spectrum, 415/457-1115.

**PEP:** National member network for people seeking polyfidelitous relationships. Focuses on group marriage and multiple adult, committed relationships. Newsletter includes ads, education and info. Call Ryam at 808/929-9691. (Hawaii)

**BLUR:** a supportive social youth group for young people who don't fit into society's either/or categories. We sponsor events and discussions about what it means to be young and bi in the '90s. The group is open to bisexuals and those exploring sexual identity who are 27 or younger. 415/648-9384

**BLUR BRIGADE:** We take action in our communities for political, social, or cultural change. The group is open to bisexuals and those exploring sexual identity who are 27 or younger. 415/648-9384.

**BAY AREA VISUAL ARTIST CRITIQUE GROUP:** Meeting to share and critique each other's artwork. Call Claude, 415/821-7282 for information.

**BiNET USA:** National bisexual network dedicated to visibility, resource sharing & political activism toward a multicultural co-gendered bisexual community. Quarterly newsletter, conferences. Info: PO Box 7327 Langley Park, MD 20787 (202) 986-7186.

**BI PEOPLE OF COLOR:** Salon/social group for bi women and men of color, for info call James 415/648-0741.

**BISEXUAL SUPPORT/RAP:** at Billy DeFrank Community Center, 175 Stockton Ave., San Jose. Drop-in, peer-facilitated group for women and men, meets 1st & 3rd Tuesday of each month at 7 p.m., info call 408/293/AGAY (2429).

**BLACK MEN'S EXCHANGE:** African-American men of diverse sexual expressions meet for social support & empowerment.

- Oakland HQ: 510/839-9138
- Atlanta: 404/627-5148
- Denver: 303/837-1530
- Detroit: 313/361-6037
- Los Angeles: 310/281-7742
- Philadelphia: 215/848-4892
- Sacramento: 916/487-0439

**INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY OF BISEXUAL GROUPS:** Comprehensive listing of bi groups all over world, including the U.S. Updated bi-annually. Send \$5.00 (or \$6.50 in U.S. currency if outside the U.S.) to: BRC, POB 639, Cambridge MA 02140.

**UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST BISEXUAL NETWORK:** A packet of materials of interest to bisexuals, including a newsletter, is available from the Unitarian Church by sending \$10 to UUBN, POB 10818, Portland ME 04104.

**VANCOUVER (BC) BIS:** BiFace, a mixed gender bi social and support group, meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays, 7:30-10:30 p.m. For info, call the BiLine at 604/681-8815. Someone answers the line personally Mondays, 8-10 pm.

#### HOW TO GET LISTED:

Listings must be non-commercial, bisexual and/or transgender-inclusive, but may fall into a category not currently listed. If you have a resource you'd like listed, please write us. Resource listings from outside the San Francisco Bay Area are especially invited.

#### Anything That Moves

Community Resources  
2404 California St. #24  
San Francisco, CA 94115  
or email us at:  
qswitch@aol.com

## WE FUCK TO COME

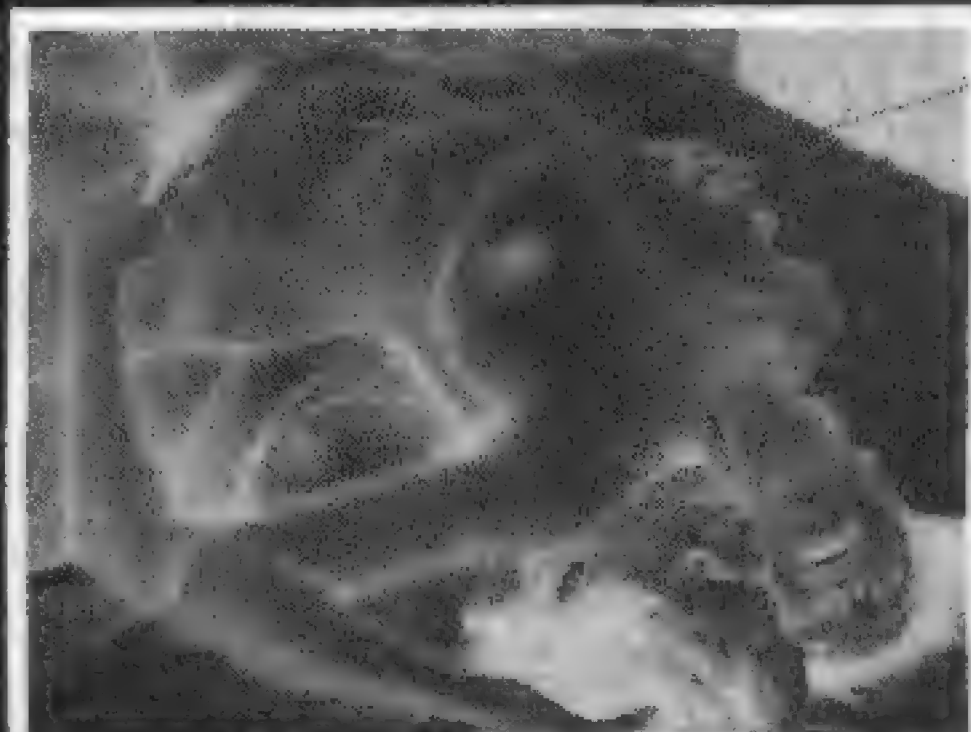


Photo by Kim & Tell

## NOT TO CONCEIVE

**PRO-QUEER T-SHIRTS**  
**CALL FOR FREE CATALOGUE**

All t's are printed on 100% cotton, heavyweight shirts.  
All t's are \$9 plus shipping.

**CLAUDE MOLLER · 415-821-7282**

*Helen*  
*Swedish Massage*

*Sliding Soale*  
*Barter Welcome*  
*(415) 642-1799*



# SAFER & SEXIER

by Cianna Stewart



Get naked.

Ask yourself a few questions.

Do you like having sex?

Do you feel like you deserve to have a good time during sex?

What kind of sex do you like?

Do you know what you like during sex?

Do you like your body?

Do you know what will make you feel good during sex?

Do you feel like you should be able to get what you want during sex?

Do you know how to ask for what you want?

Do you know how to say that something does not feel good?

Do you know how to say something would feel better if...

Do you like to talk during sex?

Do you like to talk before having sex?

Do you hate to talk about sex?

What words do you use for your body?

What words do you use for someone else's body?

What words do you use for different sexual/sensual acts?

What kind of sex makes you feel unsafe?

What are your boundaries?

What are your partner's boundaries?

Are you more willing to stop doing something altogether, or to try doing it with latex?

Cianna P. Stewart is a full-timer in HIV work now, for the GAPA Community HIV Project in San Francisco. She loves sex, loves talking about it, and is working towards a new vision of prevention.

You know, it's ok to have a hard time with safer sex. In fact, you would be unusual if you never had any difficulty either introducing the topic, or being 100% consistently safe.

What is most important is recognizing that getting to being safe is a series of steps. Even those of us who have been doing it for a while started somewhere, and even we have to negotiate with every new partner. Many of us still have some things that are hard for us, and most of us have gone through some kind of grieving over that "other" kind of sex.

**Condoms** So available, so colorful, so user-friendly. Condoms have gotten a bad rap in some circles over their tendency to break. But most of the times that a condom breaks, it's because it was used incorrectly. Always be sure to use a lubricated condom, or some lube with unlubed condoms. Be sure to NEVER use a petroleum-based lube with latex (like vaseline, baby oil, penzoil, whatever your fetish)—it breaks down the latex and will cause it to tear.

#### Tips/Ideas:

- Lambskin condoms may be too porous to use as a barrier against HIV or other STDs. However, some folks like the feel, and they're great for people who are allergic to latex. So one suggestion is to use a latex condom under a lambskin condom, for the benefits of both worlds.
- Want to do some oral/anal or oral/vaginal (rimming or going down on a woman), but don't have a dam? Take an unlubed condom, cut off the tip, and cut the condom up the side. Unroll and you have a nice, thin, strong piece of latex that is designed for sex (and, therefore, is much better than dams—designed for dentists).
- When using a condom on a man, put a little water-based lube inside the tip of the condom before putting it on him. He will feel just oh-so-much more!
- FYI: Early reports on the female condom look good, and they may be an option for folks who don't like regular condoms (including for anal sex). They take a bit to get used to (like everything else), so try putting it in before you're all heated up.

**Toys** With no intention to downplay your erector-set fantasies, I would like to focus on ones not found at Toys-R-Us. Let's talk dildoes, harnesses, whips, tit clamps, butt plugs, butt beads, ropes, restraints, handcuffs... you get the idea. Obviously, some things generally don't get any bodily fluids on them, and so you don't have to worry so much about transmission. These would be nipple clamps, whips, and floggers (if you don't draw blood).

Toys made of leather, hemp, or cotton are impossible to clean thoroughly, so it is heavily advised that you don't share them. This includes whips where you've drawn blood, paddles, or other toys that have cum or blood on them.

Leather dildoes can be covered with latex condoms, which will give you basic protection. You can also cover latex dildoes and butt plugs with condoms.

Metal stuff cleans up really nicely, just be sure to wash it well, and to use bleach.





# In Your FACE

political activism against gender oppression

*The complete listing of all subversive actions against gender oppression around the US, along with occasional instructions on how to roll your own.*

**MISSION:** Cover all actions related to overthrowing gender oppression, transphobia, genderphobia, the nonocracy or any political structure which oppresses us or just really pisses us off. Articles on what's happening, how to, how not to, and how to do it again even deeper.

**PUBLISHING PERVERTS:** Riki Wilchins, along with various disgusting, unprintable, and anatomically improbable suggestions from Lynn Walker, JoAnn Roberts, and Nancy "Ninja" Nangeroni (in fact, layout & production by Ninja Design). You can reach us at:

- IYF, c/o Riki Anne Wilchins (RAW), 274 W11 St, NYC 10014
- E-Mail to Riki@PipeLine.Com - or - nrn@world.std.com (that's Nancy)

**COST:** Free. Made available to you courtesy of your favorite gender magazine as a free insert. Don't forget to tell 'em you love 'em (and us).

**PUBLISHED:** 2-3 times a year or whenever we damn well feel like it so just don't give us any crap, okay?

**DISCLAIMER:** IYF refuses to disclose our sources; we will not disclose our sources, no matter what you do to us, not even if you tie us up and do unspeakable things to our unmentionable parts, not even if we're tightly handcuffed and obviously enjoying it, except where they're clearly printed below. In addition, we want you to know that our sources are all completely honorable, reliable and 100% accurate, while IYF is responsible for all misrepresentations, distortions and garbling of their stories contained herein (even though most of them were drunk, engaged in having sex with small barking animals, or both, at the time we spoke with them). Finally, all stories you agree with were written up by Riki Anne Wilchins; those you hate were written up by Lynn, Nancy or JoAnn (probably all three).

**IMPORTANT NOTICE:** As part of our continuing effort to raise our political consciousness to the highest possible levels here at IYF, we will be picketing outside our own office next week where I will personally protest the squalid, degrading and humiliating conditions under which I force myself to work. Persons interested in taking part in this action should contact me directly or simply seek professional help.

## ♦ LATE BREAKING NEWS ♦

A recent lobbying trip to Washington by four transpeople and friends was outrageously successful. Lobbyists met with legislative assistants, Congresspeople and Senators including the offices of Paul Wellstone, Gerry Studds, Barney Frank, Louis Slaughter, Henry Gonzales, Ted Kennedy, Carol Mosley-Braun, Jay Rockefeller, Mark Foley, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and Jerry Nadler to name a few. In addition, they met with lesbian/gay organizations National Gay & Lesbian Task Force and the Human Rights Campaign Funds. In all cases, we underlined the same message: the importance of transinclusion in health care and employment non-discrimination. The folks we met on the Hill were extremely interested and friendly; they had just never even considered transpeople or their needs. I guess visibility is everything. The effort was so successful, a broad coalition of activists is calling for a National Transgender Lobbying Day, Oct. 2-3 (see ad on back cover).

The Sexual Behaviors Consultation Unit at Johns Hopkins University continues to mistreat, demean, and extort our brothers and sisters, while denying effective treatment and working to eliminate surgical and hormonal options. It's time to picket their transphobic asses. Please contact Dallas Denny, Jessica Xavier, or this rag if you're interested in participating.

## ♦ ATLANTA / AEGIS ♦

Source: Dallas Denny, c/o AEGIS, POBox 33724, Decatur, GA 30033, 404-939-2128

Most people know AEGIS as an organization deeply into the issues of trans healthcare and medicine. They have recently made the jump to a membership organization, and have announced plans to move AEGIS more towards political activism, awareness and advocacy. And... (are you listening James?) AEGIS is beginning work towards a non-discrimination ordinance in local Atlanta.

## ♦ BAY AREA ♦

Source: James Green, c/o FTM Intl, 5337 College Ave #142, Oakland CA 94618

The City and County of San Francisco has finally passed Article 33, officially amending the city's non-discrimination policy to specifically include transgendered and transexual people. Hallelujah! James and dozens number of San Franciscan transpeople and friends have been working on this since just after the Ark docked at low tide, and it's finally a reality.

By the time you read this, it will have been signed into law. James says this is "just the tip of the iceberg," with additional legislation being introduced to define and extend the general concepts in Article 33. Yes!



Source: Nancy Nangeroni & Hannah Blackwell c/o IVF

Last year M2M Brandon Teena (AKA Teena Brandon) was brutally beaten and raped in Lincoln, Nebraska. When he went to the police, the sheriff ("You can call it 'it', as far as I'm concerned.") said there was insufficient evidence. Just for good measure, they publicly outed Brandon. Not long afterwards, he was beaten, raped, and this time, murdered, execution-style. Nancy Nangeroni has repeatedly stressed the need for transpeople to stand up, show up, be there. Hannah Blackwell and Davina Anne Gabriel have been instrumental in working their local KC connections to help make a demo happen.

Demonstrate on the opening day of the trial of Brandon Teena's alleged murderer. Planned speakers include Leslie Feinberg, Minnie Bruce Pratt, and Kate Bornstein. Weekend of May 15, Kansas City. Info: Nancy, Davina, this rag.

For those of us with some extra cash, Brandon's mother has not even been able to afford a headstone; yes, he's in an unmarked grave. You can send donations to: Teena Brandon Memorial Fund, 1204 W0 Street, Lincoln NB, 68528.

Source: Phyllis Frye c/o ICTLEP, 570 Firenze St Houston TX 77035

Phyllis, accompanied by the apparently-ubiquitous Sharon Ann Stuart, Riki (Menace) Wilchins and who knows what other trans-reprobates, will taking several days in March to visit our nation's capital and meet with the Congressional Leadership Conference on Human Rights. They will be lobbying the principal drafters of the ENDA bill (Employment Non-Discrimination Act) which, if it's ever passed, will give important federal protection employment protection to gay, lesbian and bisexual people but NOT, of course, to gendertrash like us. The hope is to get the rest of us (the best of us?) amended into that bill.

This builds on earlier meetings between Ms. Frye and Karen Kerin (of It's Time America), when they met with progressive Republican ("progressive Republican", "jumbo shrimp", "dry ice" ?) Sen. Jeffords of VT, of the Health & Human Service Comte. He has promised to introduce an amended ENDA bill which does include us, if and when the bill is brought to the floor. Ironically, the Kennedy people, previously in charge, were not at all sympathetic, but were swept from the chair of the committee along with the outgoing tide of the recent election. Go figure...

They will also meet with folks from CongressPeople Gerry Studds, Paul Wellstone, Sharon Mosely Braun, Barney Frank, and, of course, several Texican legislators, to educate them on transgender concerns. (Is it just me, or is it a little scary thinking of our trans-sisters running around Congress, putting on makeup in the Congressional Ladies Room, straightening their hose, and then launching an all-out attack to put black Transexual Menace T-shirts on Newt Gangrene and Bob Droll?. Hmmm...)

Phyllis is also working with Sarah DePalma and Cynthia Davis of It's Time Texas (the ten-gallon version of It's Time America) to introduce a bill into the Texas legislature to try to streamline the documentation processes for transgendered people: change of name, sex, birth certificate, etc. They will be continuing their meeting with state legislators and the bill's sponsor to push the bill forward.

Source: Jessica Xavier, c/o It's Time Maryland (POBox 65, Kensington, MD 20895)

Out of ITA's groundbreaking work is blossoming:

IT'S TIME MARYLAND (P.O. Box 65, Kensington, MD 20895) which has begun openly lobbying in the state capital of Annapolis (No, the capital of Maryland is not Washington, DC) for employment protection, and simpler birth certificate changes, and inclusion in anti-discrimination legislation;

IT'S TIME WEST VIRGINIA with Laurie Anne Udovich /RR 8 Box 24A, Fairmont WV 26554, (304)363-9058, LoriU@aol.com/ who's working on a number of TG issues at WVUniv;

IT'S TIME VIRGINIA, working for transgender inclusion in bylaws and political agenda of the state's gay and lez lobbying group, Virginians for Justice. (Boy are there a lot of righteous-sounding organizations out there. Why don't we start one called, oh, something like: "GenderTrash Rejects for Filth, Corruption, and Perverted Acts with Frozen Zucchini."

Source: Sharon Ann Stuart, c/o Stuart Communications, PO Box 1010, Cooperstown NY 13326

Well, our very own first march on Washington (cover your heart when you say that) against gender oppression continues movin' and groovin' towards becoming a reality. Since it's inception only few months ago, Sharon Ann has been acting coordinator of NTEAC, the National Transgender Educational Action Coalition (the march's very tentative name). And no, this isn't a "march of the gender organizations", it's for you and me and your mom and my mom and your cousin Fred who wore Mom's panties that Sunday afternoon and the rest of us who are gender oppressed or just plain pissed off at all the fear and violence which haunts the borders of our lives (quick, get me an agent...)

During NOW's April 9 March in Washington about Violence Against Women, 4 members of the Menace and assorted other eastern seabord perverts showed up to support the march, hung a Menace T-shirt on the Memorial Clothesline and handed out thousands of flyers to NOW marchers promoting transgender inclusion in NOW's agenda on health care, violence, insurance, and job discrimination.

Source: Dr. Joy Shaffer

After 9 months of agonizing unemployment and humiliation, Dr. Melanie Erin Spritz has been selected by SUNY Brooklyn Hospital for the prestigious 5 year



combined Internal Medicine/Psychiatry Residency. She will begin her advanced training 1 July 1995 and graduate 30 June 2000. She becomes the first openly transsexual person in history to be accepted into medical training!

#### • MINNEAPOLIS

**Source:** Susan Kimberly, 698 Laurel Avenue #4E St. Paul, MN, 55104

Susan, previously and pre-transitionally the Prez of the City Council (that's right, THE BIG BANANA of St. Paul), and now post-everything, just ran for County Commish, a position with real power in the St. Paul area. The net result was about 12,000 to 9,000. Yes, she lost; but how many transsexuals do you know who run for office in a major metropolitan area and pull 42% of the vote? 10 years ago it would have been 12,000 to 9, not 9,000. Notably, she won overwhelmingly in of-color and working-class neighborhoods, and lost in the white, yuppie, presumably liberal areas. Go figure... Of course, she was running as a liberal democrat at, well, just the wrong time. While pondering her next move (not a quitter, our Susan), she noted to IYF that "when you're running queer, there's no margin for error; you can't make any mistakes."

Susan says everyone kind of agreed to leave her transsexuality in the closet, and her allowing that to happen was a mistake.

"By not talking about my past, I lost my past. So here I was, a former president of the City Council, described as being brilliant at my job. By losing my transsexuality I lost all that too... I needed to deal with it."

#### • NEW YORK CITY

**Source:** multiple perverts

Well, we've been busy as beavers (not busy with beavers) here this year. The Transsexual Menace, ever the perverted genderscum rabble, has participated in a number of successful actions including:

- Contesting the Village Voice's coverage of murdered M2M Brandon Teena (we won't say F2M or F2M in these pages) as another confused lesbian.

- Overturning Gay Games' discriminatory policy that F2Fs would have to compete as men unless they produced a raft of intrusive documentation (this policy completely overturned thanks in large part to lezzie activist Ann Northrop).

- Protesting Stonewall25's curious omission of transpeople and drag from the title of their "Gay Lesbian and Bisexual Absolut-Vodka-Ad" parade. We lost this one, but got lots of concessions, including a place for Leslie Feinberg to speak on the podium. Phyllis Frye's threat to lie down in the parade route helped the Menace look like moderates(!)

- Michigan Womyn's Music Festival's policy of "womyn-born-womyn" only. Over 30 people attended "Camp Trans", outside MWMF's main gate and eventually 7 transpeople were escorted into the festival by a contingent of supportive leather, S/M and Lesbian Avenger dykes from all over the US.

- Picketing, leafletting and confronting Janice "Transsexual Empire" Raymond when she spoke at the local feminist bookstore. 24 Menacites and friends showed up for this one.

- Actions against the Lesbian Sex Mafia's (LSM) policy of "post-ops only." We told 'em we're all pre-op scum as far as them and their panty-check is concerned. Stay tuned - PowerSurge in Seattle has tried the same discriminatory shit (we apologize for the shitty language) and this action is still underway; we may yet get the chance to picket their ass.

- Finally working towards our own Big Apple-brand non-discrimination ordinance, with the help and inspiration of Mr. James ("Jamison" to you) Green (see Bay Area, above).

**ESQUIRE article update:** 7 members of the Menace and friends held a (friendly) demo outside the offices of Esquire Magazine on 3/29 contesting various transphobic elements of the story in their April issue. The demo was covered by local gay-friendly media, and subsequent meetings with the Esquire staff (plus 500 leaflets handed out) effected some serious consciousness raising.

#### • NEW JERSEY

**Source:** Terry McCorcal, c/o Monmouth Ocean Transgender Alliance (908)219-9094

Terry and Wendy Berger (along with Riki of NY NOW) introduced a 2-part resolution into the NJ NOW State Convention affirming the rights of transgendered and transsexual people. After some discussion, it was passed pretty much unanimously. And get this: part two of the resolution calls for the resolution to be introduced at NOW's National Convention in July (Go grrrrls!)

#### • NORTH CAROLINA

**Source:** Holly Boswell, c/o Phoenix, P.O. Box 18332, Asheville, NC 28814

North Carolina Pride has changed its name in response to the prompting of its transmembership. Declaring, "... we paid particular attention to the inclusion of youth, bisexuals, and transgendered persons," NC Pride is now proudly known as NC Lesbian, Gay, Bi-Sexual and Transgendered Pride. (No, there are no plans to try to get the name changed further to NC Transgendered, Bi-Sexual, Gay and Lesbian Pride, but it does have a certain ring.)

Ashville's Superior Court Clerk Robert Christy continues to deny name changes to any and all pre/non/I-can't-even-THINK-scalpels -operative transsexuals. Phoenix Transgender Support, those intrepid rebels, are looking hard for the three vital things in short supply: time, money, and a willing, warm-hearted, transphillic pro-bono attorney to mount an appeal. We haven't heard the last of this; they move slow down there, but when they do, they generally mean it.

#### • SAN ANTONIO

**Source:** Tere Frederickson, 2931 Burnt Oak, San Antonio, TX 78232-1803 TereF@AOL.COM

We move on many fronts, and it seems like Tere has been busy on all of them. Herewith, the shortlist:



• Tere took the lead in getting the Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Veterans of America (GLBVA) to include "transgender" and "gender identification" support in their national constitution.

• She worked to get the San Antonio Lesbian/Gay Political Caucus to amend its ways, its by-laws and its name; it's now the San Antonio Equal Rights Political Caucus for Lesbians, Gays, Bisexuals, and Transgendered (SAERPC). Now SanAn has the first and only originally lesbian/gay political action group in Texas which supports transgendered inclusion.

• Help move the newly-named SAERPC to unanimously adopt a resolution to:

1) demand the Lesbian and Gay Rights Lobby of Texas (LGRL) include transgender in the Texas hate crimes bill, 2) demand LGRL change their by-laws and name to include transgender, 3) demand LGRL include a transgender member on the Board of Directors, and 4) demand LGRL include transgender in the publicity and documentation for the '95 March on Austin. SAERPC has also come out strong in support of transgender inclusion in the Texas state ENDA bill (Employment Non-Discrimination Act).

Tere states: "Notice, none of this was really an 'in your face' thing on my part [Nobody's perfect, Tere, there will be other opportunities - ED]. It was education, patience, timing, and making just the right contacts. I never brought the issue on inclusion up directly - I planted a few seeds, dumped some water on them from time to time and voila!" 'Nuff said.

[Do transpeople in Texas do anything besides activism, or has Phyllis put something in the drinking water?]

#### TEXICAN DEMO:

IT'S TIME TEXAS led a peaceful protest in Austin on April 2 at a large gay rights rally to protest their exclusion by the LesBiGay organizations from the Hate Crimes bill currently before the state legislature. More in-depth, totall fabricated details in the next issue.

#### ◆ A NOTE FROM YOUR EDITRIX ◆

The fight against gender oppression has been joined for centuries, perhaps millennia. What's new today, is that it's moving into the arena of open political activism. And nope, this is not just one more civil rights struggle for one more narrowly-defined minority. It's about all of us who are genderqueer: diesel dykes and stone butches, leatherqueens and radical fairies, nelly fags, crossdressers, intersexed, transexuals, transvestites, transgendered, transgressively gendered, intersexed, and those of us whose gender expressions are so complex they haven't even been named yet. More than that, it's about the gender oppression which affects everyone: the college sweetheart who develops life-threatening anorexia nervosa trying to look "feminine," the Joe Sixpack dead at 45 from cirrhosis of the liver because "real men" are hard drinkers. But maybe we genderqueers feel it most keenly, because it hits us each time we walk out the front door openly and proudly. And that's why these pages are only going to grow. We're not invisible anymore. We're not well behaved. And we're not going away. Political activism is here to stay.

So get out. Get active. Picket someone's transphobic ass. Get in someone's genderphobic face. And while you're at it, pass the word: the gendeRevolution has begun, and we're going to win.

## Your Uncle Samantha wants you!

Yes, it's true. Your Uncle Sam wants you up on the Hill, deep in the bowels of our nation's capital, Washington DC (smile when you say that) for the first ever National Transgender Lobbying Day, *Monday & Tuesday, Oct. 2-3*.

Our past 2-day trip to DC was amazingly successful; 4 of us met with the staffs of House and Senate leaders like Senators Jeffords (VT), Moynihan (NY), Kennedy (MA), Rockefeller (WV), Mosley-Braun (MI), Wellstone (MN), Hutchinson (TX), as well as Rep's Frank (MA), Studds (MA), Rangel (NY), Foley (FL), Luther (MN), and many more.

**What was our biggest hurdle?** Most of them had never even met a transperson, never thought of us as constituents, never considered our rights and concerns. We've been invisible as citizens.

**Now YOU have the chance to change that, once and for all!**

Your Uncle Samantha wants You! Instead of 4 of us, National Transgender Lobbying Day is going to put 54 of us up on the Hill. That's right: **5 dozen transpeople and friends**, from every state and territory in the union, all lobbying for inclusion on issues critical to *you and your loved ones* like job discrimination (the ENDA bill), veteran's affairs, child custody rights, and the national health care and insurance.

**But we can't do it without YOU: We need YOU there!**

**Seize YOUR chance to make a little American history...**

**Stand up! Be proud! Be a United States citizen!**

**MORE INFO:** Riki Anne Wilchins (212)645-1753 or RIKI@PIPELINE.COM, Karen Kerin (802)223-4756, Phyllis Frye (713)723-8368. Shared overnight rooms @\$15/night per person, right off the beautiful Univ. of Maryland campus. Subway is \$5 per person per day. Some limited scholarships available for those of us who are students or un/underemployed. Come for one or both days. Just be there!



# ANYTHING THAT MOVES

## CHAPTER FIVE

by:  
Roberta Gregory

Look.. TWO women wrote in to complain about the article I wrote for "DYKE TIMES"... SHE says the "self-righteousness of my attitude is APPALLING".... ..do YOU think I'm "self righteous?"

Did you READ that letter of hers? Sounds like a classic case of... PROJECTION!

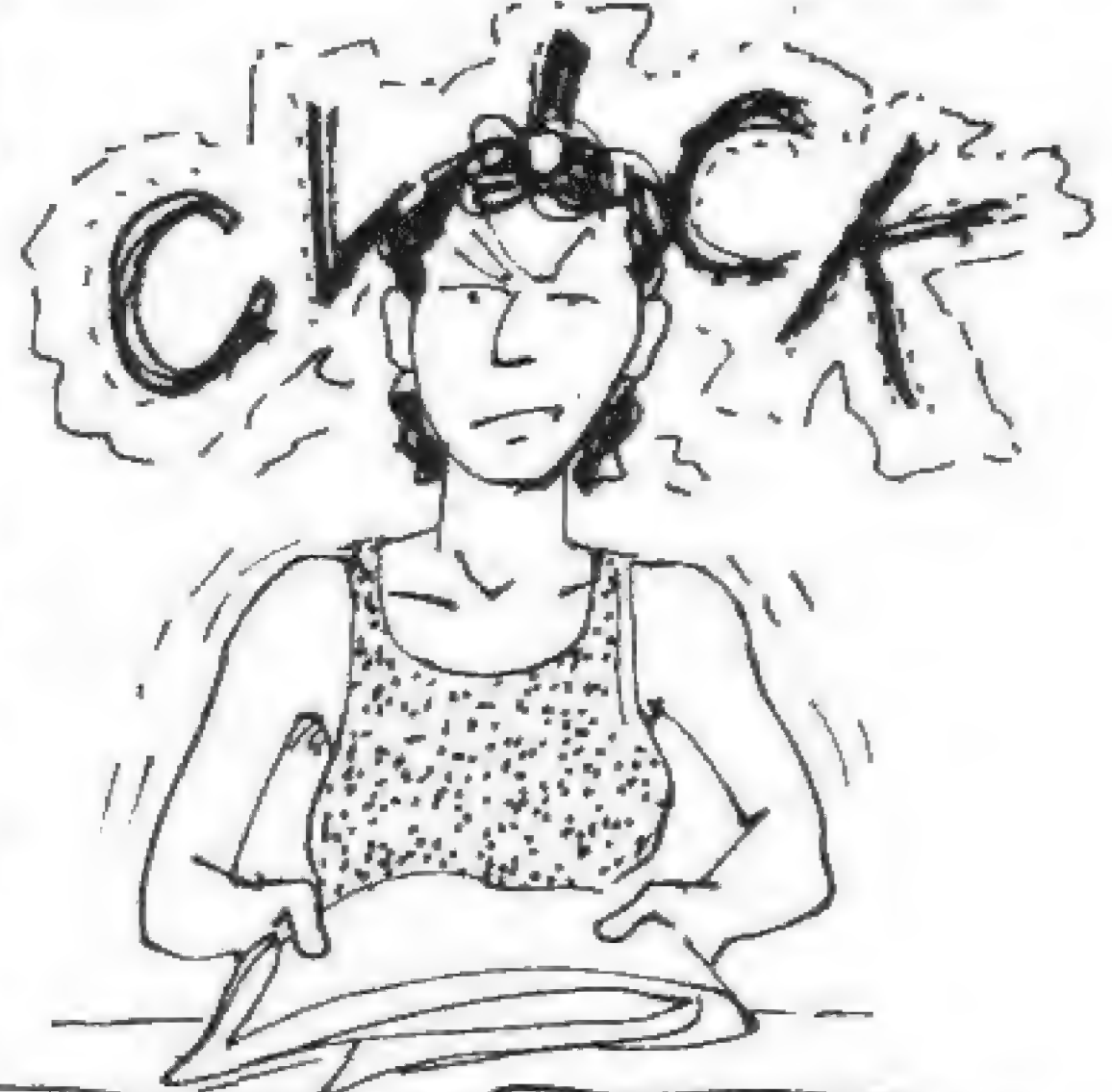
And... THIS one accuses me of... .."over-politicizing!"

Your article WAS titled "The Politics of Sexuality," after all....



I wonder if I ought to write a RESPONSE to those letters?

And, if someone overreacts to THAT, will you worry about what people are going to think and respond to.. THAT.. ?



I don't care what ANYBODY thinks! I can say anything I think NEEDS to be said! I can go to bed with... PENGUINS if I get the itch! I can pierce my LABIA and get my EARLOBES stapled together, and if someone wants to write in and complain, they can... KISS MY ASS!!!

I've never seen her like that.... Think it's a PERMANENT change?

YES.. but, I wouldn't worry unless she actually DOES manage to staple her earlobes together!



AND, ~~but~~ if I want to I'll take UP SMOKING and wear FUR and eat LOTS of SUGAR and if somebod doesn't it they can... FU







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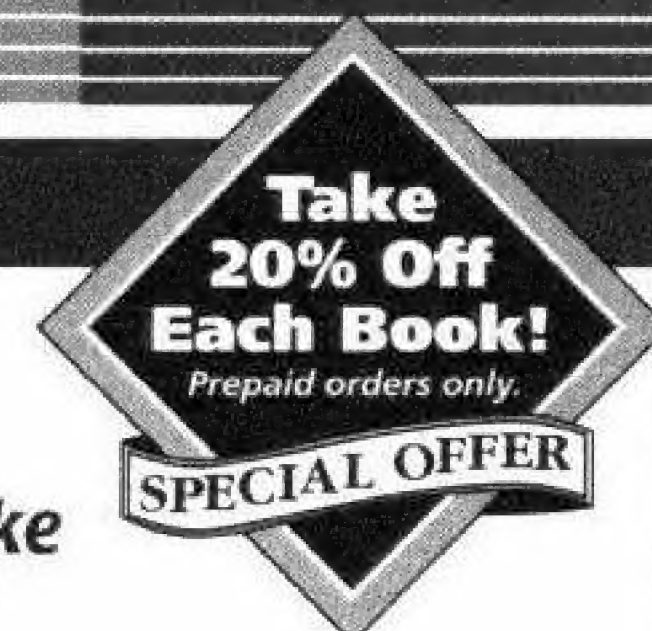
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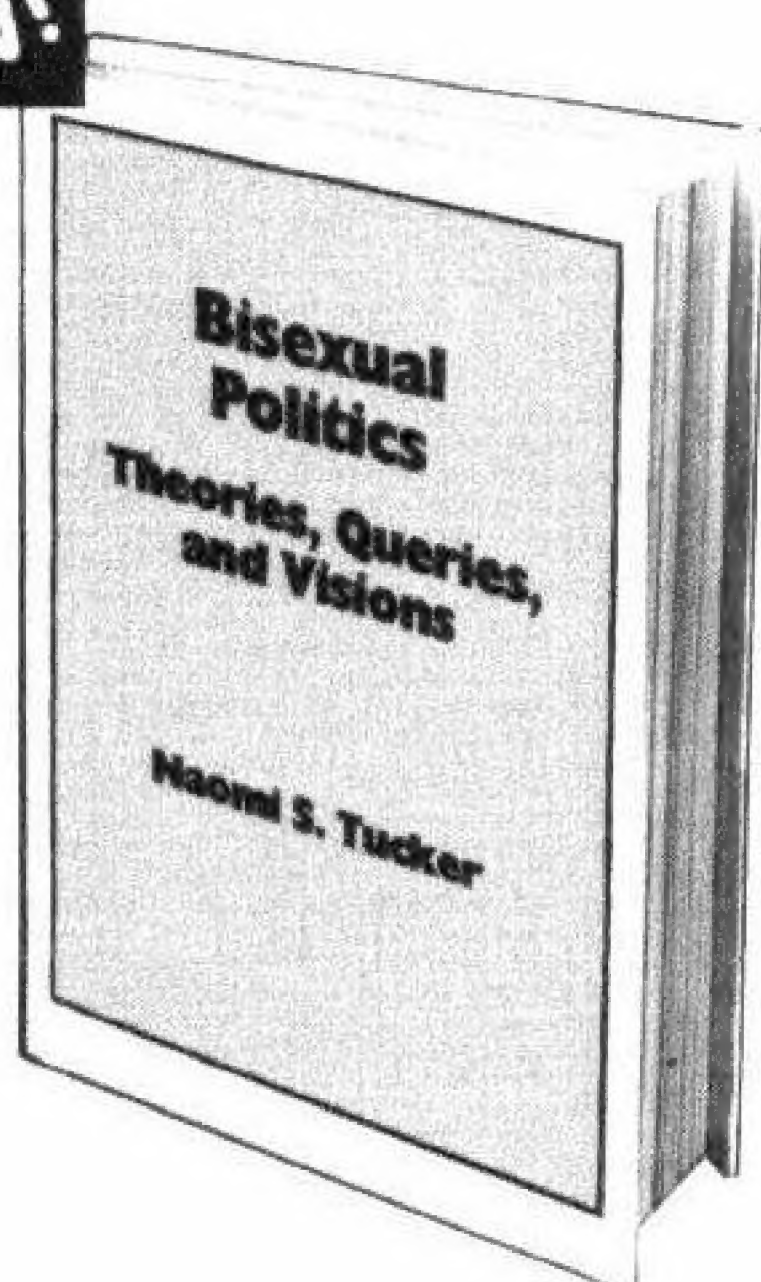


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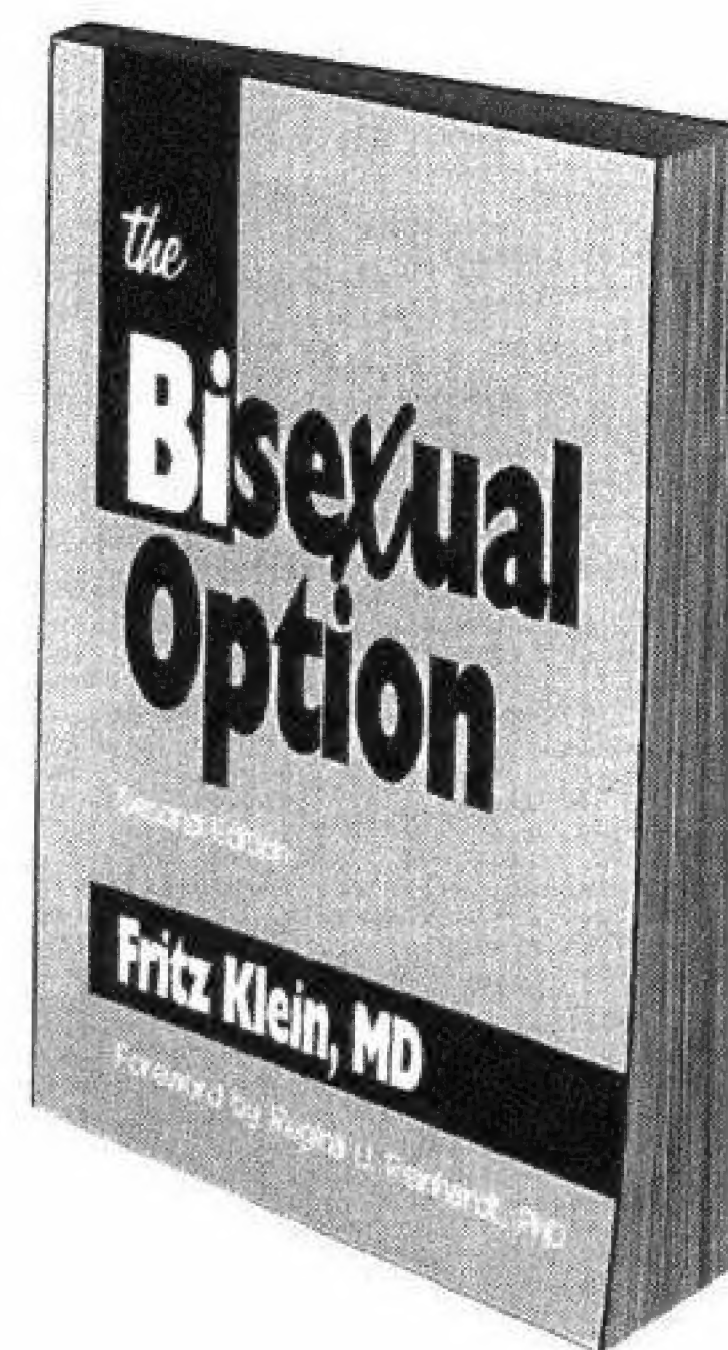
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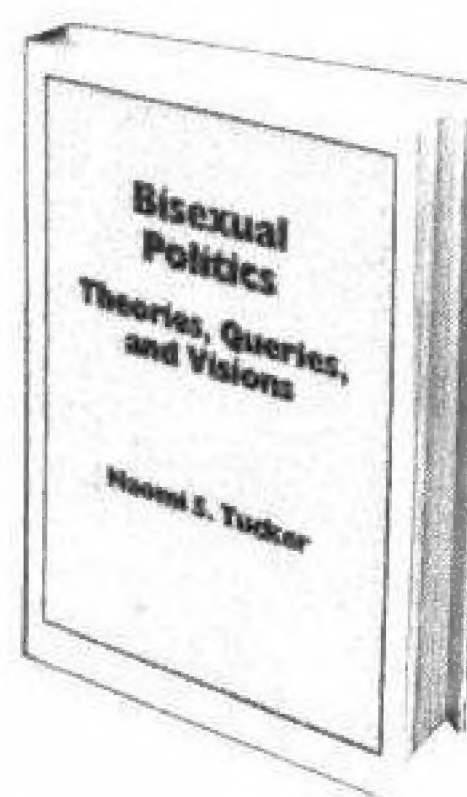
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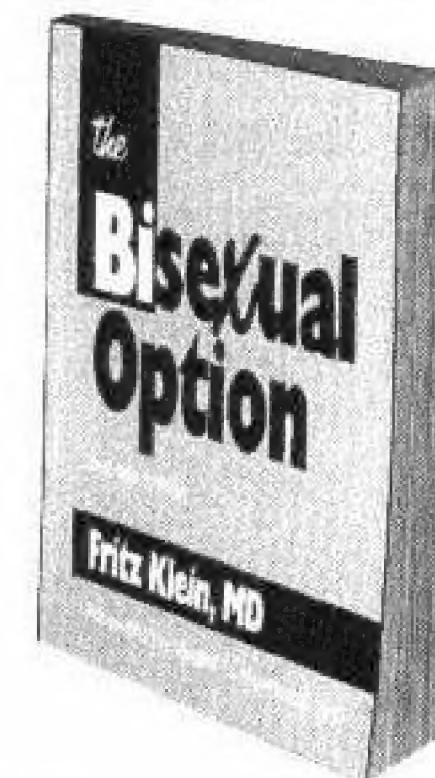
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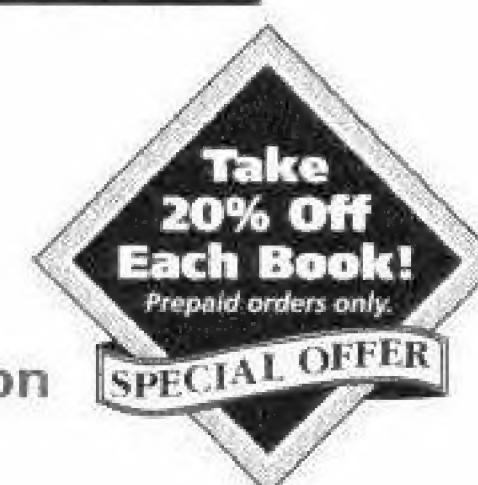
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